JOHN BULL, week ending August 14, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1939

3d EVERY THURSDAY

HITLER'S DILEMMA By A.C.C.

THREE THRILLS IN THREE MINUTES

GIVE SEAMEN A NEW CHARTER by the EDITOR

It isn't you
(it's your soap-suds)
that needs the tonic!

Use

MAZO

tablets to energize the soap-suds, and to do the hard work for you!

MAZO

Soap Energizing Tablets

Three 3d packets, each of 5 tablets, for 1 coupon

MZ 93-943

Selling Agents: T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., LONDON, E.15

Please don't forget the stoppers

when you return Bulmer empties!

Bulmer's stoppers are made of precious rubber. Once lost they cannot be renewed. So please be *extra* careful to see that, when empty, Bulmer's Cider bottles are returned to your dealer with the stoppers *screwed tightly in place*. Besides conserving vital stocks of rubber, you will be helping us to maintain your supplies of Bulmers.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

Sustaining because
it's made with chocolate for staying-power

Energising because
it contains Glucose, to give quick energy

Nourishing because
milk solids give it extra nutrition

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

Healthy dogs make good companions

Your dog will be a healthy and happy companion provided you protect him from 'warm weather' blood disorders such as scratching, loss of appetite and listlessness. A daily Bob Martin's will purify your dog's blood and make him a regular 'plus' dog.

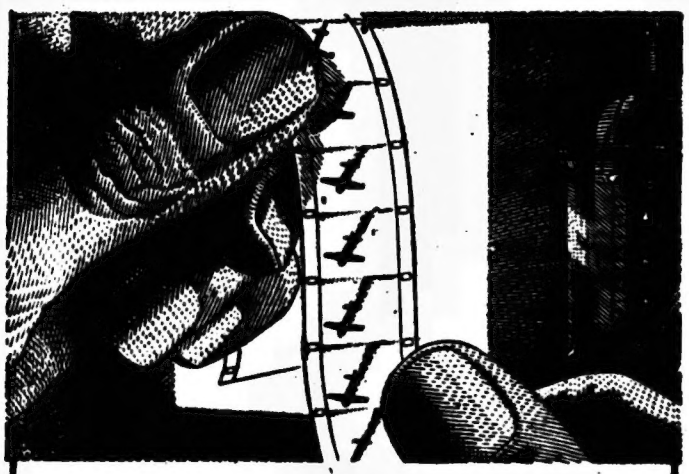
In packets of 9 for 7d. 36 for 1/11

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets

Babies first, please!

Over and over again, times without number — when everything else has failed, Nestlé's Milk has built a bonny child from a tiny wasting baby.

Issued by Nestlé's Milk Products Ltd.



KODAK FILM
is in the skies
helping to improve fighter tactics

★ An enemy 'plane is brought down. The film in the gun camera records precisely how—often revealing, for the guidance of our fighters, some defensive weakness in the enemy's design. If you cannot always get a spool of Kodak film at the first asking remember it is because so much Kodak film is doing vital work—helping to bring peace (and peace-time snaps) back to reality.

Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

DIPHTHERIA

IS DEADLY-

Protect your Child. Apply at once to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre. Treatment is free.

IMMUNISATION IS THE SAFEGUARD

FACTS ABOUT DIPHTHERIA

Even the best-cared-for child can get Diphtheria—it is not due to dirt or drains—and there are no "safe" areas. Diphtheria is one of the worst dangers to children. It is particularly deadly to children under six years of age. Even when not fatal, it may have ill effects which last a lifetime.

FACTS ABOUT IMMUNISATION

It is SAFE and simple. If an immunised child gets Diphtheria it is usually in a mild form. Immunisation gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. Only two treatments are necessary. The best time is soon after the first birthday. Protection takes three months to develop so get your child treated NOW, ready for the Winter.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

D3/1a

Please leave Horlicks for those who need it most

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 14, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

GETTING NEARER

WE are nearing the goal.

The Axis frontiers are shrinking. Germany's outer defences in the south and east have been pierced, while her homeland rocks under a titanic weight of bombs.

The conquest of Sicily, brilliantly planned and economically executed, has made it certain that southern Italy shall become an Allied base.

And, slowly and painfully, the Japanese outposts are being squeezed to extinction.

Round Britain

Canadians and Americans pour into Britain. For months our ports have been crammed with war traffic. Enemy spotter 'planes keep anxious watch on our invasion barges.

So, for fear that we might strike from the West, Hitler dare not send his troops from France to the threatened South and the crumbling East.

Soon, maybe, he will have to weaken his forces in Norway to below the safety line.

Going North

And soon, as Algiers radio has announced, "we shall be fighting on the Italian mainland."

Marshal Kesselring has already moved his headquarters up to Verona, there to defend Germany's back-door. But there are side-doors, also, to which we have access now that we rule the Mediterranean.

A wave of terrific force may sweep northwards from that sea to engulf not only Italy but the Balkans.

Wilson's Hint

The powerful army commanded by General Maitland Wilson is hardly likely to remain in Cyprus, Palestine and Syria for the benefit of its health.

Last week, "Jumbo" Wilson warned it to be ready for action.

Red Army Triumphs

In Russia the successes of the Red Army menace the entire German Eastern Front. True it is that recent stunning blows will—paradoxically enough—enable the enemy to shorten his line.

But this does not mean that he will be able to withdraw some divisions for service elsewhere.

Quality Slumps

His losses have been staggering. He will need all his depleted divisions to hold the Bryansk-Kharkov line.

Moreover, his troops are becoming tired and stale. Never again will they launch a *general* offensive along the vast Russian front.

Waiting to Strike

What of the Russians? They, too, have suffered heavily. But their power, like ours, is still growing. Indeed, the development of their Ural industries makes less important the arduous transit of materials from Britain to North Russian ports.

And our friends can be relied on to exploit the military possibilities that we shall afford them.

Pessimism, But—

Hence the gloom in the Reich. Even General Dittmar admits that Germany is on the defensive and now faces a three-front war.

But——. It's a big word.

Germany will fight desperately, and we must expect her to fight to the end.

Ferocious Battles

It may be that her policy of stiff rear-guard actions will weaken her chances of a long last-ditch stand.

We fought such actions knowing that time would increase our strength. Germany fights them on an emptying stomach and a despairing mind.

But if her troops battled so doggedly at Alamein, Sicily and Orel, they are likely to resist with greater ferocity in defence of their own soil.

Great Experiment

We have one hope of overwhelming them and thus avoiding heavy casualties to our own troops: Bombing.

Hamburg and the Ruhr have shown that the enemy war machine can be slowed down by bombing. But we do not know yet whether the enemy will to resist can be cracked by bolts from the blue. A few months should bring the answer to our great experiment.

Bigger Bombs

In that period, no doubt, occupation of Italy will bring the Skoda works and the arms plants of Austria within our range. Our bombs, far more deadly than those of the enemy, are likely to become still more so.

And our air casualties remain at a rate well within the safety margin.

Oil Leakage

Certainly, American losses in the Ploesti attack were heavy. But the results attained might well have cost us three or four Army divisions.

It was a courageous and well-rehearsed onslaught on a target which, as JOHN BULL has often said, is one of the key factors in the war.

Having been deprived of so much Rumanian oil, Hitler must be looking anxiously at his synthetic oil factories, which we attacked earlier in the war and presumably will attack again.

The Neutrals

Recent developments have also affected the neutrals. Sweden, thanks largely to Russian pressure, will allow no more German troops or arms a passage through her country. And though Germany may seek a right-of-way through Switzerland to Northern Italy, the Swiss are ready with a firm refusal.

Chance for Unrra

We must hasten the birth of the United Nations' organisation for relief and rehabilitation in liberated countries. "Unrra" has not yet functioned.

Though schemed originally for the occupied countries, we might have had the benefit of valuable rehearsals had we been ready.

We had a good chance to show what it could do in N. Africa. Now there's Sicily. Soon there'll be Italy. The quicker we get busy, the more likely are the Balkans to look to us for salvation.

Question Mark

But the organisation is still not in being. Will it be ready when we finally liberate the countries for whom it was originally planned?

After the War

So, though the war is far from won, we can look forward to its end.

It would be churlish to ignore our leaders' first steps towards the international agreement by which a world at peace could be made a world of plenty. But those steps must be lengthened into bold strides if we are not to be caught unprepared for peace.

Planning the Land

As for home planning, M.P.s of all Parties are demanding a real long-term agricultural policy from the Government. They have JOHN BULL's backing.

That policy should be issued without delay. The Hot Springs conference made it possible.

Telling the Farmer

The farmer will have to realise that the needs of the consumer must rank at least on a level with his own. Above all, distribution must be organised on a fair basis—for that is the key to efficiency both at home and abroad.

Beveridge Time

Never, as Sir Wm. Beveridge has said, should we be able to carry out his suggested reforms more cheaply than at the present time.

That is true, also, of the reforms for industry and the land proposed by the Barlow and Uthwatt Reports.

Yet all these schemes have apparently been pigeon-holed.

Brown's Failure

Then there's housing. Months ago we urged the dismissal of the Minister of Health, so clumsy has been his handling of the rural housing problem, and the negotiations for a national medical service.

Unless he makes an unexpectedly quick recovery, it is likely that Brown will really go.

When?

Other Ministers are concerned with the larger question of post-war housing. No doubt they are working hard. But when, oh when, will the public be allowed to inspect their plans?

There must also be a decision on the continuation of national service after the war. For demobilisation and employment plans are affected by that issue.

Thanks to Dalton

Mr. Dalton has done well to insist on the retention of trade "controls" after the war. We should appreciate the importance of his work both for present-day and future requirements.

But Major Lloyd George should persuade the Cabinet to settle the future of the mining industry.

Here, too, war-time control must be retained—plus nationalisation and the other changes which alone will satisfy the miners.

Action Wanted

Post-war planning is admittedly a prickly subject, even for an all-Party Government.

But the difficulties can't be dodged by inaction. The longer they are left, the more thorny they will become!

(Continued overleaf)

TIME TO BEGIN

● Mr. Arthur Greenwood has put the cat among the pigeons.

Like most other people, he welcomes the Government's proposals for educational reform.

But he is frightened of the "time lag." And he therefore suggests that 40,000 or 50,000 young people should be kept back from the Forces to be trained as teachers.

Unless this is done no child now living will benefit from the scheme!

An awkward point. One which the Government shows no sign of meeting.

It prefers to say merely that better schooling will be given to our children "as soon as practicable." Which might mean anything.

It has been asked to take its courage in both hands and fix a day not too far ahead. Most of us will support that demand. For even the most excellent plans are not much use unless a time-limit is fixed for the job.

FIRE WATCHERS!

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.

A FREE AIR RAID POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

This Policy provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

NO one—and certainly not JOHN BULL—denies that the Ministry of Food has been doing grand work. Lord Woolton has been so successful because he's the readiest of our Ministers to listen to advice. And, more important, to act on it when it's obviously right.

We'd like him to look into one or two points our readers have been making lately.

Told "Come Again"

The Ministry was inclined to be self-righteous about the people who were too careless to collect their ration books at the proper time. But look on this side of the picture:

Points for Lord Woolton

There are thousands of men employed on war contracts who have to change their addresses if they're over six weeks in one town. One of them tells us that, arriving in York, he went for his ration book at the proper initial letter time, but was told to go back for it in a fortnight.

Always Too Late?

He called every two weeks for two months before he got his book. And he was the only one on the job who was lucky. "Now," he says, "most of my staff have been scattered over the country as our work is nearly finished.

"They'll have to register their changed addresses again, collect emergency cards, and then, apparently, they'll have departed once more before their books reach them."

Work Lost

Our correspondent points out that he's not complaining, especially about York. It's a nation-wide lack of organisation he wants put right.

We agree with him, because in this case alone—and the particular contract only involved a few men—forty-seven working hours were lost by constant trips to the Food Office.

Leave Spoilt

It's also time the Ministry of Food found better arrangements for members of the Forces going on leave. The W.A.A.F. daughter of one of our readers arrived at her Hull home for nine days with a seven days' ration card and a chit for two days' supplementary rations.

She had to give up the whole of her first day going to (and waiting at) the Food Office before she could get this chit dealt with and accepted.

Fish Astray

A North Country shopkeeper, left recently with surplus fish, sold it to another tradesman, and earned himself a sharp rebuke from the local authorities because he'd got only a retailer's licence.

A week or two later the railway station rang him up on a Saturday and begged him to look after a consignment of fish that had gone astray and was in danger of also going bad.

Condemned

He took it, kept it in cold store over the week-end, and then asked the Food Office for permission to sell it on the Monday morning. By the time all the red-tape had been unravelled it was three o'clock on Monday afternoon.

The food inspector then turned up and condemned the whole consignment. Altogether, 2,772 lb. of fish was destroyed.

Economy, Par Excellence

That was scandalous waste which shocks everyone—and particularly, no doubt, Alderman G. Townsend, of Stoke-on-Trent. But Alderman Townsend goes to the other extreme. He's so economical that he's shocked to think a man should be given 12s. 6d. a week to live on.

He took that view at a meeting of Staffordshire County Council, when he opposed a move for higher rates of outdoor relief. He seemed to think it was grossly extravagant to spend 12s. 6d. on "things to put in your mouth."

How It's Done

But, counting in bread and a copper or two on "points" food, a week's ordinary rations cost 5s. 6d. A single meal out a day—even at the cheapest canteen or British restaurant—would cost 6s.

That's 11s. 6d., and would leave 1s. a week for vegetables and everything else. It looks very much as though Alderman Townsend was talking through his hat—if he's extravagant enough to have one.

Off-Colour

Far from cutting down and cutting down, we all want a bit more colour in our war time food. Nevertheless, we hope many people won't be tempted to buy a certain type of cake decoration that's just come on to the market.

It's *very* colourful—like confetti—and it costs 2s. 8d. lb. A pretty stiff price for dyed breadcrumbs.

Poultry Problem

Another thing to guard against these days is the purchase of alleged pure-bred chicks at markets and public auctions. Many amateurs are now going in for poultry, and well the dishonest salesmen know it.

Unless you get a written guarantee that chicks are pure bred there's nothing you can do about it if they turn out otherwise. The law reckons that if you buy anything at an auction you take the risk of whether or not it comes up to your expectations.

Pleasure Trips

Some places in the Lake District have earned themselves notoriety because they've afforded easy refuge to wealthy and cowardly idlers.

A London lorry-driver who does regular war-working trips to Cumberland reports that of an evening lately he's seen far too many high-powered cars in the area. They're often parked outside the country pubs, he says, and they're obviously being used for pleasure trips.

Perhaps the authorities will look into this report.

Petrol Trick

Police are now watching taxi racketeers. We suggest that they should be particularly on the look-out for the "No petrol" trick.

If a taxi driver is out of petrol he should be compelled to have his flag down; if a taxi driver's flag is down it should be a punishable offence for him to take a fare.

At one café in the London area scores of taxis are usually waiting empty—but clients in search of taxis must negotiate with the owner of the café before getting a driver.

High Fare

Owner asks where the journey goes; how much the client is prepared to pay. Only when a satisfactory answer is forthcoming—which means that an exorbitant fare is offered—does the ingenious intermediary approach one of his taxi-driver guests who would be willing to take the job on.

Maximum Minimum

Equally careful watch should be kept on restaurants who use the five-shillings-a-meal maximum to charge the full five shillings for every snack consumed on their premises. Customers who find themselves already eating are usually unable to dispute the price of their meal.

Beetroot soup (called by the foreign name of Borsch) and risotto, with a few peas and carrots, was the whole meal in one restaurant for which a customer was forced to pay the full five shillings.

Ransom Wine

In other restaurants a wine card is first handed to the customer and several menus are kept in readiness.

If the customer orders expensive wine he has a wide choice of dishes. If he orders beer or water only two or three cheap choices are open to him.

Yet both pay the same price for the meal.

Justice Will Pay

Tens of thousands of foreigners of all European nationalities are working in war and Government factories for the Allied war effort. A new hope is now filling them that the hour of liberation for their countries is near.

Though the majority are well treated, some have to suffer under short-sighted foremen who "don't like foreigners."

Yet soon these people will go forth to the liberated Continent as voluntary ambassadors of Britain. They will take with them the impression of their work in this country. Treat them well now and you will help to lay the foundation for a lasting peace.

Saving Wives

The Married Women's Association (whose president is Dr. Edith Summerskill) have sent us a copy of a letter to Lord Kinderslev, in which they ask him some pertinent questions about the National Savings Movement — and the position of thrifty wives.

She champions married women

The letter points out that since the Blackwell case, in which it was ruled that a wife's savings from housekeeping money were her husband's property, many housewives have been encouraged to stop saving. They prefer to spend money on themselves, if they've a little to spare, rather than buy stamps which can't be theirs.

Lord Kinderslev is asked to explain in his Savings Movement publicity, how wives stand.

Government Gains?

The Married Women's Association raise another interesting point. The signature of the holder is needed before Savings Certificates can be cashed. If a wife refuses to sign (as she well might rather than see her savings go to her husband) the Government can presumably keep the money.

It would be well to have all this cleared up rather than risk impeding the savings movement in any way.

● **How pleasant it would be to have a week without any complaints about the Ministry of Labour and National Service. How very pleasant—and how obviously just a dream. Here's this week's muddle:**

A forty-year-old member of the N.F.S. was released for work of national importance at sixteen hours' notice. He sought a job with his old firm, which he'd had to leave when he was called up.

This firm badly wanted him back, but they couldn't get him. The Employment Exchange said they could only have Grade III or Grade IV men—and he was Grade I. So, instead, this fit ex-fireman is doing nothing at all.

The country's losing his services; and during his enforced idleness he's being rewarded with 14s. 3d. to keep himself, his wife and his four children.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **Goebbels secretly spent a week in Italy to assist Badoglio during his first crisis.**

● *His task was to advise Badoglio's Government about the propaganda means by which the Italian people could be induced to continue in the war after Mussolini's fall.*

● On his return, Goebbels has given Hitler a first-hand report about Badoglio's method of ousting Mussolini.

● **In consequence, Hitler is sacking some German generals of whose loyalty he cannot be sure. He daren't tolerate any potential German "Badoglios."**

● *Three million German evacuees in Austria are worried lest Allied bomber raids on Rumania will be followed by attacks on Austria.*

● Hamburg and Rhineland bombed-out Germans are in revolt because only evacuation area offered to them is Poland—where life of Germans is not safe from sabotage and guerillas.

● **Workers in Czech arms factories are going slow, so Germany is recruiting thousands of them for forced service in the Wehrmacht rather than let them go slow and commit sabotage at home.**

● *Most of Italy's political prisoners are at liberty. Though not set free by Badoglio, the majority of them escaped in the turmoil that followed Mussolini's abdication.*

● More French patriots are flocking to Savoy mountains to make audacious attacks on Italian occupation troops.

● **Unified command for all of Yugoslav guerillas is expected to be announced soon.**

A

BUT for the
Merchant
have been r
No, cour
than our own, and
country built bett
Yet we have ne
either the pay or
deserves.
And for many
shipping have been
prise, out for profit
This state of th
Government has im
to some extent and
But in the r
on the post-war
could obtain no
policy.
Furthermore,
National Expenditu
against the Governm
These are: (1)
advance of scientifi
(2) diminution of r
continuance of an
ideas in ship design
discussed.
The Committee
that shipbuilders
"new types of sh
National Physical
unable to suggest u
specifications.
And that, in ef
ducing "the most
yards are capable."
All this confirm
only that there is
but also that this
Merchant Shipping
Shipowners do
country for America
said bluntly on the
wants no 'planner
should ever have th
in making our own
This is all to
builders are mak
that is just what
When we consid
merchant seamen h
and their dauntless
them all, we are de
be cheated of the
the mercy of purely
JOHN BULL has re
tion that peace
war world can
national co-operati
And that it wo
the old scramble
competitive metho
enterprise.
But, so far as
cerned, we also be
be as well-built and
in the world, and
after.
To achieve this
lowing suggestions,
subject, have our ge
Government's close
Post-war tonna
of manning to be
requirements of Bri
by the fluctuation
freights.
Peace Conferen
for all nations, to
chant shipping pa

A NEW SEAMEN'S CHARTER

BUT for the ships and men of the Merchant Navy these islands would have been reduced to starvation.

No country breeds grander seamen than our own, and there was a time when no country built better ships.

Yet we have never given the Merchant Navy either the pay or the service conditions it deserves.

And for many years past shipbuilding and shipping have been in the hands of private enterprise, out for profit first, last and all the time.

This state of things must not continue. The Government has improved pay and pension rates to some extent and promises further reforms.

But in the recent Parliamentary debate on the post-war shipping outlook the House could obtain no plain statement of national policy.

Furthermore, the Select Committee on National Expenditure has made three charges against the Government in this connection.

These are: (1) Failure to keep pace with the advance of scientific and technical knowledge; (2) diminution of research activity; and (3) discontinuance of annual meetings at which new ideas in ship design and construction used to be discussed.

The Committee also reached the conclusion that shipbuilders have been allowed to build "new types of ships without consulting the National Physical Laboratory," which was thus unable to suggest useful variations in Admiralty specifications.

And that, in effect, they have *not* been producing "the most effective ships of which their yards are capable."

All this confirms John Bull in its opinion, not only that there is *no* national shipping policy, but also that this country needs a brand new Merchant Shipping Act.

Shipowners do not agree. Before leaving this country for America, Major the Hon. L. H. Cripps said bluntly on their behalf: "British shipping wants no 'planners.' Heaven forbid that we should ever have them! We are already engaged in making our own plans'!"

This is all too true. We *know* the shipbuilders are making their own plans, and that is just what we are afraid of.

When we consider the fearful hazards our merchant seamen have faced since the war began and their dauntless devotion to duty through them all, we are determined that they shall not be cheated of the nation's gratitude, nor left to the mercy of purely profit-making enterprise.

JOHN BULL has repeatedly expressed its conviction that peace and prosperity in the post-war world can be secured only through international co-operation.

And that it would be madness to revert to the old scramble for markets and the fiercely competitive methods of uncontrolled private enterprise.

But, so far as the Merchant Navy is concerned, we also believe that British ships must be as well-built and as well-found as any others in the world, and British seamen as well looked after.

To achieve this essential objective, the following suggestions, prepared by experts on the subject, have our general support and deserve the Government's close attention:

Post-war tonnage, types of ships, and system of manning to be regulated by the long-term requirements of British and world transport, *not* by the fluctuation of trading interests and freights.

Peace Conference discussion of naval parities for all nations, to include agreement upon merchant shipping parities also, *with special consideration for the needs of essentially maritime nations.*

Maritime nations to keep their coastal trade to themselves if they wish, but international sea traffic to be open to every country which accepts a world standard of manning, operating principles, and freight charges.

Coloured crews to be carried on their merits as seamen or for reasons of local efficiency (as in the Red Sea trades), and never for purposes of reducing wages and operating costs.

No post-war cartels to be formed by private shipowners.

Subject to Treasury scrutiny, private owners and shipping companies to be guaranteed a fair return on invested capital, but all profits in excess thereof to revert to the nation as a national shipping reserve.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

All post-war shipping to be constructed to designs having the joint approval of owners, officers, men *and* Admiralty experts.

The State to pay for and retain a quarter share in all post-war tonnage.

Basic freight rates to be determined by an international board and calculated to pay for each vessel in service by the time it is six years old.

Annual inspection of hull, machinery and all life-saving gear to be compulsory, with any infringement of regulations to carry a fine (to be imposed directly upon the owners) up to 10 per cent. of the ship's total value.

The Merchant Navy to admit recruits only under a system of qualification and restricted entry; pay and conditions of service to be guaranteed by the State.

Accommodation for officers and men to be to the complete satisfaction of their unions.

Continuous employment for all officers and men; annual leave on full pay; guaranteed State pensions; no interference with personal liberty, and no enforcement of uniforms.

No cargoes to be carried between any one country's ports by ships of another country unless the latter are operating under *equal* conditions of tonnage, design, freight, pay, and so on.

No vessels under separate ownership to compete on the same route unless there is sufficient cargo for all of them to earn fair profits and meet their general conditions and obligations.

The formation of an International Shipping Board, of which every member nation shall agree to abide by its rules and regulations.

This International Shipping Board to boycott the shipping of any nation which seeks to cripple the maritime business of its neighbours by undercutting freight rates, underpaying its men, or evading its obligations in any other way.

John Bull does *not* present the foregoing suggestions as a solution to the problem of the Merchant Navy, but only as a basis for national planning of a national service.

As long ago as October of last year we said in this page: "We do not doubt the Government's good intentions or the country's present gratitude, but we should like to see both reinforced by definite planning now, and, if possible, a specific pledge that the plans will be put into effect."

Our attitude is thus unchanged. We are resolved to see belated justice done to the splendid men of the Merchant Navy.

And we are no less resolved to see our country emerge from this war with a maritime position worthy of its old and proud tradition.

But there must be a generous willingness to co-operate with all friendly nations in an effort to restore the true freedom of the seas and the genuine well-being of all the brave men who go down to the sea in ships.

Dark Days for Dictators

CAN you guess the thoughts of men like Horthy of Hungary, Antonescu of Rumania, and half a dozen other European dictators on the day of Mussolini's inglorious abdication?

Even if there were no reliable reports about them their feeling of fear and apprehension could not be hidden from a world which knows the mental make-up of these sawdust Cæsars.

The most dangerous repercussion of the end of Fascism in Italy will be felt throughout the Balkans.

In Budapest, where Horthy, the Admiral without a Fleet, had established his authoritarian régime even before the advent of either Hitler or Mussolini, the Cabinet has been almost in constant session for a week.

★ ★ ★

What hope, the Hungarian statesmen must be asking themselves, can they have of German aid if even Hitler's best friend had to be abandoned to his fate?

Hungarian troops have been withdrawn from Russia to guard "enemies nearer home." These enemies, the armies of the Allies and the democratic elements in Hungary, are now rallying.

Small wonder that Hungary wants to get out of the war! And no wonder at all that Hungarian diplomats abroad have approached some Allied governments with assurances that Hungary will return their territories to them if it could secure a separate peace.

Horthy sees his throne crumble. In the twenty-odd years of his rule he has seen no darker days.

★ ★ ★

Antonescu, the Rumanian puppet, has no less reason to be apprehensive. While Hungary has at least retained her army, Rumanians have lost their lives in their hundred thousands on the Russian battlefield.

Threatened by the Russians in the East, by Allied 'planes from the South, with people starving and working up a just resentment against the German overlord, the man who has hitched Rumania's wagon to the German yoke cannot feel happy to-day.

Even young King Michael shows signs of fight against Antonescu, and is already trying to save his throne before his dictators drag his country with him into the abyss.

Antonescu hurried to Berlin to receive his last instructions, while his brother Mihai, the Vice-Premier, went to Rome to bid farewell to Mussolini. The two brothers thus had ample opportunity to study the fate of a dictator who depends on Germany.

It is the same in the smaller dependencies of the tottering firm of Hitler, Mussolini and Co., from which the junior partner was dropped.

Odd things are happening in Slovakia, where the Fascist trumpeter Mach, the so-called Propaganda Minister, has simply disappeared. Reports suggested that he may try to reach a neutral country. He cannot have much faith in the survival of his country.

Croatia, again, is in a ferment. Pavelich, the "Mussolini of the Balkans," always preferred the protection of the Southern Axis dictator to that of Germany. Where will he turn for help now?

The best all these pocket dictators can hope for in these dangerous days is complete occupation by German troops.

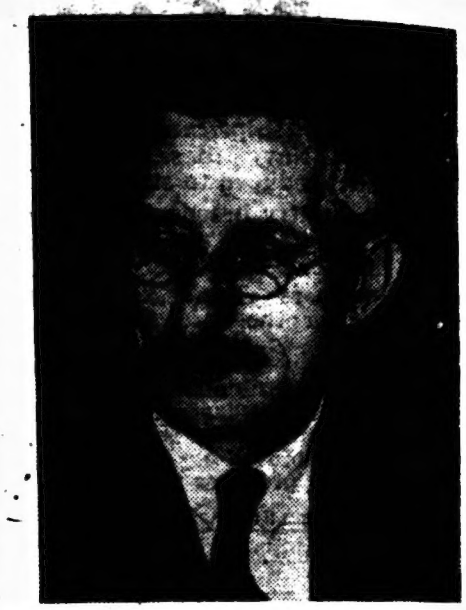
★ ★ ★

But they know that Germany can hardly spare the troops. They realise that even if German help appears it will avail them no more against the crushing blows of an Allied Balkan offensive than it enabled Mussolini to remain in power.

The days of the dictators are counted—and it is a spectacle at once disgusting and gratifying to see disintegration in the much-boosted lands of invincible Fascism.

W. P.

Mr. HARRY J. EDWARDS,
President, Transport and General Workers' Union



DEAR MR. EDWARDS,—Among post-war aims you mentioned in your address to delegates of your union was the setting up of international standards governing the employment of women in industry.

Women have had a raw deal in this war. They have been placed on an equal footing with men. They toil side by side with men. They have been conscripted like men.

They are prepared for equality of sacrifice and for equality of effort. But when it comes to equality of reward it's a different matter.

I read recently that a man machinist in a tailor's shop gets £6 10s. a week. Women, sitting beside him doing the same job and doing it better, earn from £2 5s. to £2 10s. a week. Girls on A.A. gun-sites are paid only two-thirds of what soldiers doing similar work are paid.

I hope you will bear these stupid inequalities in mind when your union and three other big unions begin your drive to achieve 100 per cent. organisation of women employed in the engineering industry.

Too much lip service has been paid to the magnificent way the women of Britain have toiled, suffered, aye, even died, for the cause which is so dear to us.

What the women need and merit is some practical expression of the men's will to secure equality of pay and equality of reward. Some men still resent the presence of women in factory and workshop.

And I fear that such men are still carrying out a policy of obstruction in regard to any effort or proposal aimed at giving the women equal pay.

Why they do so is beyond me. What does sex matter? The labourer is worthy of hire whether the labourer is a man or a woman.

Why should a man feel inferior because a woman who can do a certain job as well as he feels herself entitled to the same reward?

Obstructionists in the trades union movement just won't look ahead. In organisations which should be progressive and visionary there are strong pockets of reaction and conservative ideas.

That is dangerous.

You know as well as I do that the trade unions must progress. They cannot live on what they have achieved in the past. They have to keep abreast of the times. Why not do so in this instance?

You want the women in your ranks. Promise that you and your fellow union leaders will fight for equality of pay and you'll have no difficulty in getting that 100 per cent. membership.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Field-Marshal SMUTS,
Prime Minister South Africa

DEAR MARSHAL,—The return of the United Party to power with an absolute majority is at once a tribute to your greatness as a leader and to the Union of South Africa.

The recent elections were the first real test of Empire unity since we began our common struggle against Hitler and his quest for world domination. Out of that test you have emerged greater and more inspired.

South Africa has given its verdict. It is one in which all the nations of the British Commonwealth will take pride.

And it is proof to Hitler—if such proof were needed—that the "decadent" British Empire stands to-day more resolved than ever to destroy him and all his satanic works.

For many years I have admired your courage, your vision and your magnificent qualities of leadership.

Your speeches since the war began have marked you as one of the few really great world figures. And, as such, history will remember you and generations of South Africans yet unborn will revere your name.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM REED,
Manager of a North-East Shipyard

DEAR MR. REED,—Corvettes and frigates, those greyhounds which are harrying and destroying packs of U-boats preying on our shipping, are the children of your brain.

You based their designs on rough notes made on the pitching deck of an old-time whaler operating from Capetown and Durban. Whales and U-boats, you discovered, have a lot in common, and from the habits of Leviathan you evolved the best sort of ship to send submarines to their last plunge.

You will take particular and personal pride in the admission by Schlich, a German U-boat H.Q. spokesman, that, "The enemy defence in the Atlantic has got the better of us." Your brains, your powers of observation, your ingenuity, have helped to bring about that pleasing state of affairs.

Speedy acceptance of your designs shows that the Admiralty are not so sleepy or conservative as critics would make out. And the growing success of our anti-U-boat measures is tribute not only to the ships you designed but to the crews who man them.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice TUCKER,
King's Bench Division

MY LORD,—I was glad indeed to read that you sentenced each of three men to three years' penal servitude for obtaining money by false pretences in connection with the conveyance of rubble to an aerodrome.

But I was also gravely alarmed by your reference to the growth of this type of fraud. "No sooner does an aerodrome come under construction than frauds seem to start up," you declared.

Not even the greatest crusading war in this country's history can curb the greed of some people, especially those who regard the State as fair game for their despicable thefts

We have been told on occasions that "money doesn't matter," that the war is one of resources, raw material and production.

If this were true, such frauds as those you mention would not take place. We all know money matters. We have to pay for those aerodromes, and the burden of taxation is proof of what we are paying.

You and others of His Majesty's judges are as much the guardians of the public purse as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And I hope that your fellows will note the severity of the sentences you imposed at Leeds, and will follow your example.—JOHN BULL.

THE SAME OLD SCRAMBLE

ARGUE IT OUT
★
BY PALLAS

ONE evening recently at Waterloo I saw a queue begin to form. It was for a train due to leave for the West Country eight hours later.

Those passengers fortunate enough to board the train would travel in discomfort for another eight or nine hours, most of the journey in the black-out when the heat of the night would be stifling.

Is a holiday worth while? I think so. But I was lucky when I went away. I got seats without difficulty. I found porters and taxis and I had lunch on the train.

The food at the hotel was excellent. The North Devon resort I visited was not overcrowded. And but for the drone of aircraft patrolling the Bristol Channel, and the united rumble of distant shore batteries at practice, the holiday might have been a pre-war one.

I realised how lucky I was when I read of the experience of a man who went away for six days and didn't take off his clothes the whole time he was away. He just couldn't find a bedroom.

Britain today is split in two camps over this holiday question—the "it isn't worth it" school and the "change at any price" faction.

You'll find that the majority of the former people have pleasant gardens. Their homes are set in pleasant surroundings and a break from factory or office is spent in comparative and healthful idleness.

But what of the people pent up in cities the year round, the people who haven't gardens to rest in, and whose homes are set in seas of bricks and mortar?

Those are the people who will endure almost any discomfort so long as they can get a sniff of ozone and relax with the kiddies on a strip of beach. They argue that after nearly four years of war and of work that they have every right to a holiday.

No one can reasonably deny that claim. And that is the reason for the holiday mood spreading in the land to-day.

Of course, we were never an intelligent race so far as holidays were concerned. How anyone can take delight in being jostled along Blackpool or Brighton promenade is beyond the mental apprehension of some people.

On the other hand, the Lancashire or Yorkshire family taking their pleasures wholeheartedly at Blackpool would view with alarm the prospect of a holiday at a quiet little fishing village.

It's all a matter of taste. And it always will be. But the people who insist on going places usually manage to do so, war or no war, trains or no trains, queues or no queues. And I am the last to blame them.

The Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Your bombshell was just a bluff. And it has been called.

The public, you have found, won't hear of sixteen-year-olds being called-up for the pits. They wouldn't be much good, anyway, for mining is a job for men, not boys.

Besides, your threat hardly squared-up with your permission for the eighteen-year-olds to be taken from the pits for the Army.

Why not call for volunteer labour, just for "the duration," from Ireland, which wants our coal, and from the liberated countries—North Africa, Sicily, and then Italy?

You are in trouble, again, on the question of woman-power.

There should be no need to make shift with older women.

For many, many young women are being wasted in the Ministries, the Civil Service—yes, and the uniformed Services.

Much as the public respects the way you have tackled your immense task, it is not prepared to be rushed into extreme measures. Unless, of course, you cease keeping us in the dark and prove to our satisfaction that such measures are justified.—JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-Col. CASS S. HOUCH,
U.S. Army Flier

DEAR COLONEL,—I'll bet all my income-tax to a dime that when you said good-bye to your family at Michigan and came over here to have a pot at the Hun you never dreamed of earning fame as the fastest man in the world.

To put a 'plane into a 780 m.p.h. dive in the cold knowledge that it might go to pieces under the strain calls for courage of a rare order.

Your breath-taking feat brings new knowledge to the field of aero-dynamics. It enables designers and experts to see where improvements are necessary; and it ensures that our pilots will be given better and better fighters.

I cannot visualise what it is like to drop towards earth at a speed greater than sound. But I can realise that the experience is one which only a handful of men in the world would survive.

You must be a great guy, Colonel. And if I ever drop across you, I'll forget income-tax and just shout for a couple of double Bourbons. With ice and seltzer.—JOHN BULL.

Three Perilous Thrills—in Three Minutes

★ **Everything that could go wrong to a Spitfire pilot happened to young Jerry a few weeks ago. Though he had "nine lives," he lost three of them in quick succession. But he got his first victory in the Process!**

BY B. L. JACOT

FAR below under the wings of the two Spitfires, the line of the French coast lay for a clear fifty miles east and west that June afternoon, with scarcely a cloud in the whole blue sweep of the sky.

The pilots were Rhodesians, members of a Rhodesian squadron of Fighter Command, and high over the world they were doing a patrol to see if the Hun were about.

Jerry was not long out of his teens and he was mercilessly ragged about his name. He was anxious to get a sight of his first Hun, and his eye constantly roved the vault of blue above his head.

Miraculous Escape

Little did he guess that the next few minutes were to bring him one of the most miraculous escapes from death in the war.

Suddenly Jerry's companion saw the wings of the machine at his side wag violently. Jerry's nose dropped off to port in a power dive. Pilot-Officer "Noppie" followed him down and saw below them what proved to be an F.W.190, heading unsuspectingly west down Channel.

Now Jerry had pushed everything forward to make contact as soon as possible, and Noppie smiled rather grimly. Jerry had a name for possessing nine lives (and needing every one of them). A daring and skilful pilot, but inexperienced. But dash counts for much when you actually met the enemy.

The F.W. was taken by surprise, but the inexperienced young Rhodesian misjudged his own speed and overshot.

As the Hun flipped quickly over on to his back he fired a burst into his attacker, and the second Spitfire kept altitude over the pair in case the impulsive first Spit. needed a quick rescue.

The German, it was soon clear, was a skilful and experienced fighter. He cleverly manœuvred himself into an advantageous position and came in, out of the sun, on to Jerry's tail.

His companion saw a wicked burst go home with pieces of Jerry's Spit. flying off like confetti. Nothing, he thought, could survive that punishment.

The attack left Jerry dazed. His instrument panel was shot to pieces and he imagined he had been hit, for he had felt bullets zipping through his clothes. Cannon-fire had shot off the tip of his starboard wing.

He managed a climbing turn, and, finding the Hun miraculously in his sights, gave him a burst which he kept up until he seemed on the point of collision.

The German went down in a streak of dull red fire, belching smoke. There was no time for Jerry to watch him fall. His own Spit. was on fire, with smoke pouring back from the engine and filling the cockpit.

Shot to Tatters

The boy's clothing had been shot to ribbons—in one of his flying boots alone there were five bullet rips—and although at the time he thought he had been wounded, amazing luck and armour plate had saved him. But he had an urgent job on hand.

He jettisoned his hood, released his strap and swung the Spit. on its back. Smoke belched round him as he pushed out of the cockpit.

He covered his face with his arm and jumped.

What happened in the next split second no one will ever know, but Jerry felt a wave of flame pass over him, then a jerk flung him back on to the aircraft, and his body began to flail about as the Spitfire dived vertically like a torch for the sea 15,000 ft. below.

Now Noppie in those handful of action-packed seconds had seen it all. First, Jerry surviving the onslaught that shot him to pieces, then shooting down the Hun.

Then—he later related—he saw Jerry pop out of the cockpit, jerk back, and *ride his streaking aircraft astride like a horse* as it dropped like a stone. He dived after it.

The pilot riding the diving Spitfire was fully conscious, and his brain raced. Tug and twist as he might, he could not free his right leg. The speed of the aircraft carried the flames away underneath, but pieces kept trailing away as the machine disintegrated.

The boy knew that if he pulled his release the parachute would tangle with the rudder and what was left of the tail.

For what seemed an age he threw himself this way and that, but his leg was gripped as in a vice. The sea rushed up at him at an alarming rate. He resigned himself to his fate. There was nothing he could do.

When he was low enough to make out the run of the sea he suddenly decided that, since he was going to be killed anyway, he would pull his release and see what happened.

At this point, Noppie states, his machine was not more than 400 ft. above the sea.

As Jerry loosed his handgrips on the fuselage to pull his release and open his 'chute his leg kicked free.

For a moment he tumbled head over heels, too jubilant to wonder how and where, then he pulled . . . and opened his 'chute.

The boy's 'chute opened scarcely 300 ft. above the sea. When he struck the waves his speed had not been fully retarded, and owing to damage to the 'chute (four machine-gun bullets had passed through it) he fell on his spine.

The crash knocked all his breath out, but the Mae West he wore brought him to the surface. It was then he found that the impact had paralysed him. He could not move a hand or foot to save himself.

This was a doubly serious matter, for his first job should have been to get rid of the 'chute with its tangled mass of cords and silk—some of it in shreds.

"When I surfaced," he later reported, "I found that the parachute cords and the dinghy pack were entangled with my Mae West, and, lying there helpless, I swallowed a lot of sea water."

After witnessing the second miracle and seeing the boy land in the sea and float, Noppie streaked for the British coast, putting out an SOS and giving his position. He later directed the air-sea rescue *Walrus* that picked Jerry up.

Meanwhile, the soaking parachute and dinghy gear began to sink. The dead weight slowly dragged against the buoyancy of the life-saving jacket. He sank

The German went down in a streak of dull red fire, belching smoke

lower and lower without being able to stir so much as a finger to help himself.

All but his face had been dragged under when suddenly the third miracle happened.

Third Time Lucky

The drag of the parachute and dinghy gear suddenly ceased and the Mae West brought him bobbing to the surface of the water once more.

Somehow the tangle had unravelled itself under water in the wash of the waves.

Within an hour the *Walrus* had picked him up, and before he reached hospital the paralysis of his limbs had passed.

From the state of his flying boots and his flying suit it is clear that for a moment he must have been surrounded by a cloud of bullets, not one of which even so much as grazed his skin.

And to-day he's none the worse for his adventure.

Putting Powdered Metal Into Guns!

IT isn't the kind of powder that fires the shells. It is a powder from which the big guns themselves are made.

Powdered metal!

The method, briefly, is to reduce metal, under terrific pressure, to a fine powder and "mould" the powder into the finished machine part, much as plastics are moulded into a variety of complicated utensils which were on the market before the war.

The difference being that the finished metal part is sometimes even stronger than if it had been produced by more conventional methods.

And the new system is infinitely more swift.

As much as 240 man-hours are saved on every gun mount.

Or, to put it another way: A complicated section of a gun, which used to involve two hours of skilled labour in intricate machining, can now be pressed into shape in a matter of seconds!

Pressed from powder so fine that you could draw a deep breath and blow it into a cloud.

Pressed to an accuracy of one-thousandth of an inch.

★ ★ ★

The process has tremendous possibilities.

Not the least of them is that metals which hitherto have resisted all attempts to bond them together in an alloy can now be completely fused.

Correct proportions of the different metals come under an ultra-powerful ram which reduces them to powder, and a special heat treatment blends them in one perfect whole.

To take only one far-reaching result of this discovery, bearings can be produced which, the greater the strain on them, the greater the safeguard they themselves provide.

They are self-oiling bearings.

★ ★ ★

By blending with the powdered metal of the bearing a substance which burns out under the heat treatment, a bearing is produced with the contradictory qualities of ultra hard wear and "sponginess."

That is to say, the burnt-out substance leaves myriad microscopic channels in the bearing which soak up oil to 35 per cent. of the metal's bulk.

Under violent pressure—as, say, in the heavy tank fighting in the North African deserts—the bearing squeezes out its own oil.

And when the pressure ceases it sucks it up again!

It is the answer not only to mechanical war problems in the desert but in Arctic regions, where oil in such bearings does not freeze.

If you want to get some idea of its future scope, think only of it in terms of the big-end bearings of your post-war car!

And here is one other very different instance of the possibilities of the process:

The tungsten-carbide cutting tool.

This cutting edge, produced by the powdered metal process, results in a tool which goes through metal like a hot knife through butter.

In the case of one particular machining operation which wears out the hardest high-speed cutting steel in six hours the tungsten carbide cutter continues to perform the same operation faultlessly for 90 days!

And it keeps its cutting edge at a temperature of 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit!

★ ★ ★

The new process is already producing from powdered metals tens of thousands of parts—of sizes varying from a fraction of an ounce to a tank bearing weighing 65 lb.—for guns, tanks, planes, lorries, locomotives, radio sets and secret purposes.

Its scope, not only in war but in the years of peace to come, will be enormous.

When guns and other weapons of powdered metal have shared in reducing the Axis itself to powder, the process will be the new accelerator in the reconstruction of a broken world.

PATRICK SPENCER.

The Allies Do It Better Than the Nazis

AS the German troops marched victoriously into Paris in 1940 a Press camera caught the picture of a Frenchman whose eyes were full of tears, while his fists were clenched in impotent rage.

Nothing could have better expressed the sorrow of a people conquered by the Nazi gangsters.

Contrast this picture with the unanimous reports of enthusiasm with which Allied troops were received in Sicily!

No sooner had the German army set foot on Polish soil than a horde of gauleiters took over. Do you remember the first proclamations of gauleiters Greiser and Forster?

* * *

"The territory under my administration," Greiser announced, "is herewith incorporated into the German Reich!"

"Western Poland will be cleared of Poles!" screamed Forster.

True enough, while fighting was still going on, tens of thousands of Poles were herded up and deported, torn from their wives and children, who were left to perish from exposure in the forests and steppes.

Sicilians, on the other hand, were simply waiting on the outskirts of their towns and villages for the ravages of war to pass. As soon as Allied troops had occupied the towns and villages they streamed back to resume their normal life.

Again, remember the Nazi conquest of Holland and Norway.

In the wake of the Wehrmacht came the Gestapo—and soon there was not enough prison space to accommodate the thousands of patriots condemned by "German justice" for having defended their own country.

Allied troops, entering Sicilian towns, adopted exactly the opposite procedure. There is no more moving incident in that glorious campaign than the liberation by Allied troops of Italians from prison.

Hungry Sicilians had been thrown into mediæval dungeons because they had clamoured for bread. Their Fascist leaders preferred to imprison rather than feed them

To every town and hamlet the Germans brought administrators with them; Germans who evicted the local officials not only from office but even from their flats and houses.

General Alexander's proclamation, on the contrary, has made it clear that even the skilled and trained administrators of the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories prefer to leave local affairs in the hands of local Italians.

When German troops entered the German or Wallon-speaking region of Belgium—where Nazi propaganda had already recruited Fascist sympathisers and prepared a "reception" for the invaders—the military commander issued orders that "no flowers must be thrown into the cars of German officers or into lorries of German troops."

He was rightly afraid of bombs in the bouquets!

There was no need for such a ban in Sicily. Sicilians smothered Allied vehicles with oranges, lemons, and even melons; hardly any Allied soldier was without flowers.

* * *

"Take the loaf of bread and the last apple from the Serbs," said Loehr, the Nazi C.-in-C., Balkans, "without any false sentimentality towards these sworn enemies of Germany!"

So, to the tens of thousands of Balkan people, Nazi occupation meant death by starvation.

The Allied commanders took time off from their heavy military duties and reserved sorely needed transport in order to take food to the people of Sicily!

And what has been done by the Allies in Africa, what is being achieved in Sicily and is soon to be repeated in other areas due for liberation, is of vital importance for the future course of the war and for the maintenance of peace.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Hitler's Dilemn

IN the tale of horror, "The Pit and the Pendulum," Poe gives an image that applies to Germany to-day.

Strapped to his bed in his sealed prison, the victim sees two terrors approaching. The walls of the chamber begin to glow with heat. They turn red-hot. Slowly they move inwards upon the victim.

Above him a pendulum, in the shape of a gleaming scimitar, swings to and fro from the ceiling. It descends slowly, remorselessly, in a straight line for the victim's bed. Beside the bed yawns the pit.

That, allowing for imaginative licence, is no extravagant picture of Hitler's Germany as the fourth year of the war approaches its end.

The walls of the prison are closing in, and they are walls of fire. Above, the heavens rain death and destruction. Below yawns the abyss into which Nazism is doomed to disappear.

* * *

Leaving imagery aside, let us look at the facts. Take first the position at sea.

When last November Stalingrad and Alamein turned the tide of the war, Hitler was left with one hope, not of victory, but of averting defeat. It was the U-boat.

That hope has gone. The Battle of the Atlantic is not over; but the danger point is passed. The fatal "gap" in the Atlantic is closed, and the menace of the U-boat is under control.

There may be a forlorn and desperate gamble with the big ships, the *Tirpitz*, the *Scharnhorst*, the *Hipper*; but, if so, that gamble will come too late. For the supremacy of our surface sea-power is enormously enhanced by events in the Mediterranean.

The remnants of the Italian fleet are in cold storage. Anxiety about the French fleet is at an end. In so far as there is a French fleet afloat it is in our hands.

The U.S. Navy is co-operating with us. And in both Britain and America, ship construction, naval and mercantile, has reached an astronomical level.

NEVER SINCE THE WAR BEGAN HAS OUR SEA-POWER BEEN SO OVERWHELMING. THIS MEANS INEXHAUSTIBLE STRIKING POWER FOR THE ALLIES AND THE TIGHTENING OF THE STRANGLEHOLD OF THE BLOCKADE ON THE ENEMY.

* * *

So much for the sea. The war in the air has gone even more sensationally in our favour. For this we have largely to thank Hitler.

When he turned away from the Mediterranean to attack Russia he gambled away that air supremacy with which he had reckoned on winning the war out of hand.

He has never recovered from that blunder. He left Britain and America free to establish a dominion of the air as complete as their dominion of the sea.

He lost Africa and the Mediterranean, and is now losing Italy, largely because he has been driven out of the skies.

For the same reason he can make no reply to the devastating war that is being waged on German soil. That is the most deadly war of all.

It defeats the first principle of Germany's philosophy of war—the principle that it must

These men are slaves—forced by Germany

The bastions of Hitler's fortress are crumbling fast. Hastily and desperately, he must now try to build a new defence wall in Europe. But can he do so?

By A. G. Gardiner

be waged on enemy territory only. And it strikes at the nerve centre of resistance—the morale of the German people.

How far the catastrophic failure of the Luftwaffe is due to deficiency of fuel we do not know. But we do know that need of oil was one of the baits that led Hitler into that fatal plunge into the Caucasus last summer.

And there is strong evidence that of his three shortages—transport, man-power and oil—that of oil is not the least urgent.

* * *

So much for the pendulum that is suspended over Germany. Let us turn to the red-hot walls of the prison that are caving in.

Whatever may be the outcome of the manœuvres following upon the fall of Mussolini, one thing is certain. The Italian cock won't fight any more.

THIS MEANS MUCH MORE THAN THE COLLAPSE OF ITALY AND THE END OF THE AXIS. IT MEANS THAT THE WHOLE MEDITERRANEAN FRONT OF HITLER'S JERRY-BUILT EMPIRE IS SHAKEN, IF NOT IN RUINS.

The crash of the Italian bastion has had repercussions from the Gulf of Lyons to the Ægean Sea—from resurrected France on the one side to unconquered Greece on the other.

I will leave aside here the effects in France. They will be immense, and it is of good omen that at long last all faction is at an end and De Gaulle and Giraud are reconciled on the single task of the deliverance of France.

* * *

More immediately alarming to Hitler is the wreck that confronts him in the Balkans.

Militarily Germany is faced with the need of improvising a wholly new defensive wall in south-eastern Europe and manning it herself. This at a time when the strain on her resources in Russia is so near breaking-point that the eastern wall may well cave in as the southern wall has.

But it must be done. For what is the alternative? Flight from the Balkans would announce the end. It would involve flight from the Danube valley, the loss of the Rumanian oil, and immense disaster in the

construct the walls

rear of her Russi
Balkans or perish
Already the
collapse is devas
Yugoslavia see d
prepared for any
The satellite
fear, and Antone
the rats they are
from the sinking
They know t
they have backed
ready with the cr

*

Meanwhile in
pant. There is
she is winning th
The stark, gr
in from the stepp
terranean littoral
the Ruhr. It can
The keynote
über alles." It is
is an agonised ap
been led, quite w
to the last ditch
gang that has led
How long tha
not know. But
have shaken the
its foundations.
It is, of course
than Italian Fas
weakness which n
That weakness is
Hitler.
Since the sha
over Germany las
nothing more tha
unseen, unheard
people.
Is he still in
shuffle of impostu
on the shelf, or u
If so, is the f
the shock to Gern
and the public ma
many without hin
We do not kno
out. And we have
Mussolini that all
the fall of Hitler.
We shall still
machine, of which
porary instrument
Let us see th
machine into the
its resurrection.
"Before another

...emma

...construct the walls of "Fortress Europe"

...rear of her Russian front. She must hold the Balkans or perish.

Already the moral effect there of Italy's collapse is devastating. Heroic Greece and Yugoslavia see deliverance at hand, and are prepared for any sacrifice.

The satellite powers are quaking with fear, and Antonescu, Horthy and Boris, like the rats they are, are only anxious to escape from the sinking ship.

They know the game is up. They know they have backed the wrong horse. They are ready with the cry, "I know not the man."

* * *

Meanwhile in Germany defeatism is rampant. There is no longer any pretence that she is winning the war.

The stark, grim truth is out. It thunders in from the steppes of Russia, from the Mediterranean littoral, from the burning cities of the Ruhr. It cannot be silenced.

The keynote is no longer "Deutschland über alles." It is "Save the Fatherland." It is an agonised appeal to the nation that has been led, quite willingly, to disaster, to fight to the last ditch in defence of the criminal gang that has led it.

How long that appeal will prevail we do not know. But the fall of Mussolini must have shaken the whole fabric of Nazidom to its foundations.

It is, of course, a more formidable growth than Italian Fascism, but it has a central weakness which may spell its early downfall. That weakness is the mystery that envelops Hitler.

Since the shadow of defeat definitely fell over Germany last November, he has been nothing more than the shadow of a name—unseen, unheard by the world or his own people.

Is he still in control, or is this gigantic bubble of imposture already pricked? Is he on the shelf, or under restraint?

If so, is the fact concealed in order that the shock to German morale may be broken, and the public may be accustomed to a Germany without him?

We do not know. But this truth, too, will out. And we have been warned by the case of Mussolini that all danger will not pass with the fall of Hitler.

We shall still have the Prussian military machine, of which Hitler has been the temporary instrument, to destroy.

Let us see that this time we hurl that machine into the pit beyond the possibility of its resurrection. And let our target be: "Before another Christmas."

★ HANNEN SWAFFER, with sardonic humour but warmth of heart, demands a book that would excel the finest stories of our literature. It would be not a work of imagination but of simple fact. And it would be immortal because it would . . .

Pay Tribute to the Common People!

WHO will write, I wonder, the book of the glory of the common people of Britain?

It needs, for its authorship, no literary genius, no mastery of prose or rhyme, no coining of epigram, no phrase-making. It wants no sob-sister of either sex, but only a reporter's notebook for the recording of Fact.

Yet, in humour, in tragedy, in drama and in humanness it would transcend the highest imaginative flights of all our island's literature.

As for its title, that would not matter, either.

Yet it would be immortal; for it would write immortality down as a lesson for all posterity.

You got an idea of its contents if, the other Sunday, you listened to the postscript spoken, not by a statesman of high degree or some trained orator from overseas, but by an ordinary taxi-driver who stands for hire in Leicester Square.

You heard this taximan in a recent B.B.C. post-script

He talked, in the form of narratives drawn from his own experience, of the heroism of the Cockney under the blitz, his cheerfulness, her light-heartedness, and of how people "just carried on."

Extend this to all the trades and callings, tell of what happened in every raided town—and you would have, in volume form, a permanent reminder to all the politicians who come after us of how, when threatened by hell from the heavens, the common man and the common woman proved their right to a greater share of the world's bounty and a higher place in what is now a hierarchy of privilege and caste.

History, as it is written, is a record of victories in battle and of the majesty of kings. In it, the humble people—the class from which nearly all inventions come, from which, mostly, genius springs, and in whose striving all reforms begin, never have a place.

So they remain unrecognised, unhonoured and unsung.

Over two years ago I urged each of the trade unions, who know more about it than anyone, to compile the stories of what the workers in each industry did in the days of the Horror. So far it has not been done.

They Stayed Put

The story of the bakers, I believe, was written—how all-night bakery went on so that, in the morning, the people could have new bread—but it has not so far been published.

Certainly, too, the railwaymen received some measure of their due in a Ministry of Information booklet on how transport difficulties were overcome and how the main lines were repaired as if by magic.

But what of the mass of the toilers? No newspaper, during paper shortage, could do more than hint at their endurance. No editor had space, and few had the staff, for the printing of more than a hint of the truth.

Newspapers did not even tell how, because of the courage of their reporters, their sub-editors, their telephone operators and their printers, no London journal missed coming out, next morning, even when it was bombed,—or how its copies were driven to the station through the raids.

Your paper may have been a bit late, one day—but you always got it.

And, because of the railwaymen and the milkmen, you got your milk.

This, mind you, is only the roughest idea of what should be written down, in anecdotal form, for all succeeding generations to read.

Let me give two instances of what I mean. One is the story of the two old Londoners who surveyed the ruins of their home and all that they had saved and stored in a lifetime, until the old man said to his aged wife: "Well, there doesn't seem anything else to wait for." And, almost nonchalantly, they wandered off into homelessness!

Then there was the typically British understatement of the London girl who, riding on a 'bus through a bombed street, said to the conductor: "My aunt had a rather trying experience here last night. What happened to her? Her head was blown off."

Front-Line Dover

I would tell, too, of the Dover music-hall which never missed a performance, even during raids and gunfire from Calais only twenty-one miles away—and of the Ensa troupes, who, in the early days, travelled everywhere amid the bombs, and went on acting in factories while they fell.

The firemen, the nurses, the police, "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker" — all should have a place in this wonder book of the stalwartness of our island people.

It was because of them, and their like, that the Army got its guns, the R.A.F. its 'planes, and the Navy and the Mercantile Marine their ships. After that, the rest was comparatively easy. . . .

History books will have hundreds of pages on the successful strategy in the field and the unsuccessful strategy in the council-rooms of diplomats.

Experts who were wrong all the time will make themselves right when they write.

But who is to tell of the simple civilians who, with no military training and with no previous hardening to prepare them for danger, did dangerous night-work during raids in which the factories they toiled in were the main targets of our foes?

I can recall one typical instance of refusal to stop working—the case of an office-full of girls told to take a week off because broken-down transport had made long and toilsome their working journey to the City.

Next morning, their boss found them still at work. "If it's good enough for you to come to the office," they explained, "it's good enough for us."

No book would be big enough for the stories of the merchant seamen, the small-paid men who, many still enduring cooped-up quarters in the older ships, braved the U-boats, week after week, month after month.

Back to Sea

Six of the most thrilling would have to do—yarns about the rafts, surrounded by sharks, on which survivors starved for weeks, but they went back to sea again when safe back in harbour.

I myself could tell about the war police and the volunteer firemen and the nurses and men and women in Civil Defence—how the unpaid citizens of Cardiff, for instance, put out all the fires before midnight.

The Golden Book of Britain would immortalise the glory that shone, unrecognised, in the hearts of the workers in every calling and in every city and town.

Nor would it extol merely a class, for all classes had a share in the world's salvation.

Write it all down!

Then, when some shell-back economist tells us, in the troublous days to come, "But we can't *afford* that Beveridge Plan," or says, "The system can't bear the expense of *that* reform—we can point to the book and reply:

"Well, our common folk did the impossible then. It is up to you to do the impossible now. We saved your property. We preserved your so-called 'Empire.' But for us, Civilisation would have perished. Now make it a Civilisation worthy of the name, worthy of the folk who saved it!"

Reaching the Heights

Only To-day can write a story which all the To-morrows will regard as their most prized possession.

The lesson of it all is that if, in a world governed by the law of the jungle, so much altruism can survive—well, what could not Man rise to if, freed from the rivalries of competitive struggle, he found himself in a commonwealth of brotherhood in which Service took the place of Self?

FREAK UNITS OF GERMAN ARMY

SOON after our homebound ship had left Algiers a young staff sergeant-major approached me as one of the few civilians on board and said:

"Excuse me, sir. I heard by chance that you are a journalist and I gather that you know languages. I'm in a bit of a mess. I must carry out a roll-call of some 170 Polish soldiers on board and give them all sorts of instructions about lifeboat drill and so on. I need an interpreter."

I told him I only knew French and German.

"Fine!" he said. "They nearly all understand German, because six weeks ago they were still in the German army!"

To be frank, I was not so much puzzled as my readers may be. I had heard in Algiers about a fairly large number of prisoners of the Afrika-Korps taken in Tunisia who claimed to be Poles and to have been incorporated forcibly into the German army.

Now their one thought was to enlist in the ranks of the Polish forces and to fight with the Allies against the oppressors of their nation.

★ ★ ★

Here was a batch of them, some still wearing the greenish peaked caps of the Afrika-Korps or German military boots.

Their mother-tongue was undoubtedly Polish, as were also their hearts.

Yet the German war-leaders compelled these Poles to fight for Hitler, their deadly enemy, the torturer of their own nation, the murderer of their own fathers and brothers!

This is revolting but significant. It confirms that the stories about German shortage of military man-power are not just wishful thinking.

Actually, these Poles were not the only freak soldiers of the Afrika-Korps who had eagerly surrendered—or plainly deserted—during the Tunisian campaign.

I heard amazing stories from officers in Algiers and Tunis about a bogus unit which was known to the German High-Command as the "999th battalion of the 999th division."

It consisted, in addition to carefully selected, tough Nazi officers and N.C.O.s, almost exclusively of former prisoners of German concentration camps.

★ ★ ★

In its ranks were political suspects, old criminal offenders, purposely mixed up and sent to Tunisia as "reinforcements," after only a brief period of military training.

The risk of desertions was so great that they were chiefly used in the second line, equipped with long-distance weapons. And a close watch was kept on them by their fanatical Nazi officers and N.C.O.s.

But once the front-line was pierced outside Tunis and Bizerta, the second line made not the slightest attempt to resist. On the contrary, entire units behaved as if they regarded their capture as a deliverance.

The stubborn fighting around Catania and Orel proves that the bulk of the German army is still a very tough proposition.

But it is clear, at least, that the Germans have started combing out their last reserves of possible military man-power and that they are resorting to reckless measures.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

HOLIDAY TRAVEL SCANDAL AGAIN

BRITAIN is waging total war to safeguard her very existence.

But I found it hard to believe the other day.

I was sitting, during the height of the August Bank Holiday rush, in what must be one of the busiest railway traffic regulating offices in the country.

An official was giving his orders by telephone.

He was going to run an extra train here. He was ordering a train to go beyond its ordinary destination there.

Despite all the assurances of the Government that the railways wouldn't make any special arrangements for holiday makers, that man announced changes in the running of some scores of trains in the course of an hour's conversation.

And one of his subordinates whispered to me admiringly: "It's remarkable how many reins he can hold in his hands at once—*he'll be changing passenger train schedules like that all day.*"

I decided to see something more of how seriously holidays are being permitted to impede the war effort.

There's still fun on Blackpool's sands. But not much fun for folk who should be there but who are kept out!

PLENTY OF TRAINS

I went to Euston to book for Blackpool.

I thought it might be difficult seeing that war workers in the Midlands were being refused bookings.

But, no. From here, twice as far away, two expresses were leaving within five minutes.

And, as I learnt when I boarded the second of them, many of my fellow-passengers were people who had already come up from places far south of London, some on their second and even third holiday of the season.

Some were undoubtedly war workers. And some not.

But, in any case, the remarkable thing was that they should be permitted to have their holidays—necessary or not—three, four or even five hundred miles away.

Especially when undoubted war workers on the doorstep of Blackpool were being refused the right to book to the town.

Blackpool was a seething mass of people when I got there.

REGULATED!

They were at least THERE. But when they would get away was a matter beyond the control of most of them.

For you have to wait your turn to leave Blackpool.

You have to go to the station and queue up for what is known as a "regulating ticket"—a number on which tells you by which train you will have to leave.

As they are issued on a first-come-first-served basis you may find it utterly impossible to get back on the day your business demands your return.

I asked what happens when, say, a war factory test pilot goes there on some war inquiry, hoping to get away later in the afternoon to resume his test flying next morning.

Clearly, all the return trains of the day might be booked up before he arrived.

I was told he would be "just unlucky."

I am not describing this system of ticket regulation which Blackpool has used unbrokenly for twenty years because I disagree with it.

I do so because it enables me to show the extent to which war time holiday-making is putting the brake on the war effort.

For instance, officials in charge of the scheme told me of a recent experience.

KEY MEN MAROONED

Messrs. Vickers rang them up in some alarm. A lot of their workers were in Blackpool, and the firm understood they were having difficulty in getting back.

It was urgent that they should get back quickly. Couldn't they be pulled out of the queues of people seeking "regulating tickets" and given some sort of priority on returning trains?

"We daren't do it," an official told me. "We should have to sort them out of the queues and there would be Red Riot if it were seen that we were showing favours.

"We know quite well that in those crowds of people, who probably can't get back when they want, are lots of key war workers, but there's nothing we can do about it.

"Our view is that a key war worker should have the sense to arrange for his return days before his holiday is ended."

In my opinion, the people who are entitled to a seaside holiday are being kept out by folk who have no right there, who, when their holidays are up, prevent war workers from getting back to their benches.

Before returning to London, I went to another resort which I cannot name because I must reveal the presence of troops in the town.

STARVATION LEAVE

Soldiers here have their own complaints about these holiday rushes.

Many of them have billets in half a boarding-house, while the other half of the house is devoted to civilian visitors.

Some of the troops allege that their food sinks almost to starvation level when the visitors arrive, although their landladies are supplied with the same quantity of rations on their behalf.

One gunner—there were sixteen soldiers and twenty-three civilians in his boarding-house when I was in the town—told me of Army pals who peeled potatoes and shucked peas for these civilians, and, on rarer occasions, even washed the dishes after them.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH

Life can be hellish in these holiday towns for soldiers with little money to spare when the prices of the few things available are driven up by holiday hordes with bulging pockets.

It isn't good enough that the work of the men who have fought their country into a position of supremacy should be undone by people with too much time and money.

It isn't good enough that Whitehall should go on thinking that these people can be disciplined by timid take-your-holidays-at-home appeals.

They never will be. The force of compulsion is necessary, as we have said year after year.

And if it is too late for this season, it isn't for next.

HUMAN MACHINE

DON'T LET THE PUZZLE BEAT YOU!

No doubt, in your time, you've had many a tough wrestle with a complicated jig-saw puzzle.

You may have got cross. You may have lost your temper. You may, even, have given the thing up, but the one thing you never did when faced with these puzzles was to blame the puzzle for your own inability to solve it.

All right—why not adopt the same attitude when life becomes a puzzle? There was never anyone yet to whom life did not become a puzzle from time to time.

The man who sailed smoothly and blithely through from birth to death with no worries and no cares and no perplexities hasn't yet been born. He never will be born.

Yet we are all far too ready to blame circumstances, facts, happenings outside ourselves—bits of the "puzzle" rather than tackle *ourselves* when things go wrong and we find the puzzle too baffling for us.

"All slaves of depression," said an American writer recently, "have this in common. They have acquired the habit of identifying themselves with their low moods. Not only do they have cellars in their emotional houses, as everybody does, *but they live there.* While each of us has depressed hours, none of us needs to be a depressed person."

And none of us will be a depressed person if, when the dark moments come, as they will, we tackle ourselves and do not merely blame circumstances.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. Albert Bradshaw, Wisbech Road, Bolton, Lancs, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information is welcomed about any suspected swindle or ramp. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Man Friday finds Romance

★ The modern Robinson Crusoe didn't expect to find romance in Twickenham. Nor, for that matter, did Man Friday. But how they both made the discovery provides an amusing subject for Will Scott's last story in this series.

When he leapt out from behind a tree, the small boy nearly leapt out of his skin. "Listen," said the small boy, "you'd better beat it—I got things to do"

★

Sagas of the Suburbs—12

Twickenham

★

By WILL SCOTT

EVERY afternoon they sit, under the falling leaves of autumn, on Twickenham's lovely Riverside, looking across at Eel Pie Island and the lazy little ferry taking its time to and fro.

You wouldn't look at them twice. He's sixty. She's fifty-five. They're to be married soon. But you wouldn't care.

You'd walk on. You wouldn't see any romance in that.

They first met, you'd say (if you noticed them at all, which, of course, you wouldn't), at a church bazaar or top of a 'bus or on a wet day at the grocer's, and all they had to talk about was the weather. Romance, anyway, is bust these days.

Well! well! well! Wouldn't you be a sourpuss!

Let's go back a bit.

She always sat on Riverside, looking across at Eel Pie Island, when the weather was warm. In all London, from end to end and top to bottom, there was nowhere with the same charm for her. Sometimes she read. Sometimes she watched the passers-by.

Sometimes he passed by. They knew each other by sight; that was all. They didn't think there was anything else to know.

One afternoon, sitting there on her usual bench, she watched a little adventure. She watched a small boy, with three foot of stick in his hand, get across on the ferry for nothing.

It took a bit of doing and it took a long time. The first and the second and third trips of the lazy little ferry boat were almost empty trips, and the small boy could only hang about and pretend to be looking at something else.

But the fourth trip took fourteen people and a largish box, but since the ferryman could not be everywhere at one time he didn't happen to be near the largish box when the small boy nipped aboard and went into hiding behind the box.

Indeed, he didn't even see the small boy nip ashore when the lazy little ferry boat reached Eel Pie Island a minute later.

BUT *she* saw, and she smiled. And she smiled again when she saw the small boy advancing towards the heart of the island, with great caution, from tree to tree. And she thought something valentiney (which doesn't concern us) about Childhood's Golden Days.

And then, quite suddenly, she stopped smiling.

For she noticed that *he* was watching the little adventure, too, and watching it with a frown on his face. And as suddenly as she had stopped smiling he was on his way to the island, on the ferry boat which had just come back again.

"Spoilsport!" was what she thought. Probably he owned those trees, or that bungalow fence alongside which the small boy was now creeping.

She stared at the little adventure's new development, disgusted with Unseeing Mankind.

"Really!" she murmured. "Some people were never young."

And when she saw him leap out from behind a tree, right in the small boy's path, the afternoon seemed to turn bleak in a second. She got up and went back to her lonely lodgings near Church Street and made herself a lonely cup of tea.

Which only goes to show that what the eye sees the heart may grieve about when the ear does not hear.

Let's go back a bit again.

*

When he leapt out from behind a tree, right in the small boy's path, the small boy leapt pretty nearly out of his skin.

"Oogle womp!" said he

The small boy gaped.

"Woogle bimp!" said he.

"I don't get you," said the small boy.

"I'm Man Friday," said he.

"*Who?*" said the small boy.

"Man Friday."

"Well, can you beat that!" said the small boy. "*Why?*"

"Well, aren't we playing Robinson Crusoe?" he asked.

"Aren't *uhо*?" said the small boy.

"Well . . . aren't you?"

"You make me sick!" said the small boy.

At which the smile vanished from his getting-old face and he in his turn gaped at the small boy.

"Then what are you playing at?" he wanted to know.

"*Playing* at?" said the small boy scornfully. "Feller, I'm a commando."

He sighed.

"I thought, when I saw you nip across on the ferry——"

"Me?" said the small boy. "I just descended from a parachute."

"Oh, I see," said he.

"Yeah," said the small boy. "I just taken this place single-handed."

"Oh, I see," said he.

"I'm mopping-up," said the small boy.

"Oh, I see," said he.

Then the small boy grinned.

"Robinson Crusoe! Did you used to play *that*?"

"I did," he confessed. "And Robin Hood and Red Indians."

"Well, if that don't beat cock-fighting," said the small boy. "You must be pretty ancient!"

He winced at that.

"Man Friday and the footprint on the sand!" The small boy laughed. "Didn't take much to amuse you people, did it?"

"Look here——" he said, beginning a speech.

But the small boy was weighing his stick in his hand and turning his thoughts elsewhere.

"Listen, feller," said the small boy, "you'd better beat it. I got things to do."

And the small boy galloped away, stopping three trees off to look back and laugh.

"Robinson Crusoe! Well, if that don't beat what-all! Baby food!"

He watched the small boy disappear through the trees, then sadly he turned away.

He was the ferry-boat's only passenger back to the "mainland."

"It's a funny world," he said to the ferryman.

"Oh, I dunno," said the ferryman.

"The youngsters of to-day. I mean the *very* youngsters. They're an odd lot."

"Oh, I dunno," said the ferryman.

"By the time they grow up they'll have missed a lot."

"Oh, I dunno," said the ferryman.

Which annoyed him. The afternoon seemed to have turned suddenly bleak. He left the ferry boat without a further word and walked away along Riverside.

And there, on a bench, he found a blue handbag without its owner.

HE picked it up and looked about. There was nobody near. And then he remembered he had seen it before, many times.

"The little woman with grey hair," he told himself. "She must have gone away and forgotten it."

He slipped the handbag into his pocket.

"She's here most afternoons. I suppose I'd better keep it and bring it for her to-morrow."

And, with shoulders slightly bent under the burden of his latest disillusion, he made his way back to his lonely lodgings off King Street and made himself a lonely cup of tea.

"How times have changed!" he sighed. "Even the kids!"

*

Meanwhile, in her own lonely lodgings near Church Street, *she*, over her own lonely cup of tea, was wondering what had become of her handbag, as she sat looking at a photograph on the wall.

It was a photograph of herself as a young woman. It showed her in white furs and carrying a gun under her arm. And painted on the frame were the words: *Charing Cross Theatre*, 1908. *Amy Camden as Robinson Crusoe.*

NO FUTURE FOR LORD HAW-HAW

FROM now on I must listen to Haw-Haw.

I've never made a habit of this; indeed, I have only heard him twice since he went into his peculiar business, and although it cost me nothing on either occasion I didn't think he was worth the money.

Friends told me, in the early days of the war, that I must listen to him. He was, they said, the funniest thing that had ever happened, and they themselves wouldn't miss him for anything.

One friend was always giving me imitations of Haw-Haw, so that in the end I was driven to listening to him to see if he could possibly be as futile as the imitations.

And he was!

Possibly I struck him on two dud nights, but the fact is that I thought him the dullest turn ever heard on the air. Even worse than some of the things the B.B.C. are capable of. Anyway, I never listened again.

But for the future I feel I must.

Because by now it must have dawned even on Haw-Haw himself that he's backed the wrong horse, and I'm wondering what he's going to do about it.

★ ★ ★

Will he run a series of farewell matinées before he packs his little case and says ta-ta? Will he repeat some of his best items "By Request" to please old admirers who used to find him Such a Scream?

And what on earth will his future be? Nobody's ever had a job quite like Haw-Haw's before. It seems to me to be such a blind alley job. Once he's out of a shop there isn't another shop in sight.

It would have been all right if he hadn"t backed the wrong horse. Then, I suppose, he'd have had a job for life. But as things are he can't be sleeping very well.

I don't see that he can go on the films, like other fallen rockets. He can't even take a pub, which is the first thing some eminent people think of when they're past their prime.

★ ★ ★

If he's got ideas of a lecture tour he'll have to hurry up, because eggs will be plentiful again once peace breaks out.

No, if I were in Haw-Haw's shoes I'd be off my food at the moment.

He might be able to rake it in, twopence at a time, if he went round the fair grounds, with the Two-headed Calf and the Skeleton Man. But I doubt it. With money at its present value, you want something for twopence.

Men as estimable as Haw-Haw have squatted in barrels on Blackpool front, to be peeped at through a slot at a penny a go. If he should go that way, I wouldn't mind having a pennorth myself.

But I can't see Blackpool standing for it.

His easiest way out would be to walk into Dartmoor and let the State keep him for the rest of his days.

But I can't see Dartmoor standing for it. The decent prisoners would leave.

The man's in a mess. Haw! haw! haw! You can't help laughing.

A. G.

BABY LAUGHED—AND THEY WERE SAVED

★ Even Hitler should be moved by the story of infant Janet, who was torpedoed, survived the icy cold of the open sea, and brought faith and hope to men driven near to madness

TWO-YEAR-OLD JANET JOHNSON, according to the grave report of the officer of her boat, "helped to keep up hope among us, time and again, and gave us fresh courage by her complete trust and fearlessness."

I wonder what Hitler—who is said to be genuinely fond of small children and to get on very well with them—would think of that?

The Canadian liner *Lady Hawkins* was proceeding through a clear night over the Atlantic.

The world around her was gloriously quiet, with only her dimmed lights telling a tale of the remorseless sea war in which, unarmed and carrying passengers as she was, she had to play her tragic part.

The first torpedo came out of the night and struck her full on the port side, just forward of the bridge.

The 8,000-ton vessel heeled over, the sea pouring in through that gaping rent in her slender side, her siren wailing out a warning like the voice of some stricken monster.

Then came one of those vivid and unforgettable cameo-pictures of the war at sea which no one who lived through it will ever forget, and few will ever be able to forgive.

Some two hundred yards away from the sinking liner there suddenly flashed on two blinding white searchlights from a submarine which could be vaguely seen in outline behind them.

Second Shot

And then, quite deliberately and calmly, from point-blank range, the Germans sent another torpedo into that ship, already fatally struck, with (as the German sailors could now clearly see) crowds of civilian passengers, including women and children, taking their places steadily in the boats.

The *Lady Hawkins* plunged beneath a whirling sea so swiftly that not even an S O S could be sent out. . . .

As she did so, one of the 200-odd passengers, Mr. A. J. Johnson, grasped his

Weak to the point of collapse, survivors of the enemy's indiscriminate warfare are helped aboard

two-year-old daughter, Janet, from his wife's arms, and calling to his wife: "Jump for it!" he plunged into the sea.

Mrs. Johnson, just aroused from sleep in time to carry the baby up on deck, obeyed him.

Gasping from the icy cold, and keeping his baby daughter's head above the outflung waves from the wreck as best he could, Mr. Johnson circled, treading water and shouting through the darkness for his wife.

Boat Ahead

There came a sudden splash at his side, and he heard her voice calling: "Have you got Janet? Is Janet all right?"

"All right!" he said. "She's here. Follow me!"

And he began to swim towards a lifeboat which was backing water while those aboard yelled to attract swimmers.

The boat was so dangerously full when they reached it that it seemed as if it could not hold even the baby. But all three were lifted aboard.

The lifeboat stood by for another hour, picking up more people till so many were in that several were forced to stand. Fortunately, the sea was not stormy.

It did not need the First Officer's plain words to make clear to the survivors how grave was their situation.

"One biscuit and one cup of water every twenty-four hours is all we can allow," he said.

A two-year-old baby cannot eat ship's biscuit, and does not do well on brackish water. But was there ever a mother who failed, even in dreadful emergency, to think of her child first?

Mrs. Johnson had stuffed in her pockets some tins of condensed milk, and had swum with them.

"This milk ought to be shared among us all," she said to her husband. "Janet and all of us are in God's hands."

Passing the Hours

Kelly heard her decision with a grave smile. And, after Janet's needs were arranged for, a teaspoonful of condensed milk apiece every day was left for the seventy other occupants of the boat. It was a vital and important addition to their food; without it, many who survived would have died.

When there was nothing else to do they sang, invented round-games with words, told each other stories of their former experiences.

At dawn and dusk every day prayers were held, as reverently and as steadily as if in a cathedral.

Sometimes they sang hymns, and sometimes they sang modern swing songs.

Janet Johnson insisted on joining in.

In fact, this two-year-old baby was instrumental in making them sing, when, perhaps, their hearts did not feel like singing; for she cooed and laughed and beat with her little hands so joyously, every time they raised a chorus, that the spirit in them was renewed as though light had fallen in a dark place.

She liked the stories, too. Particularly interested was she when Kelly spun them a yarn out of his wide experience of the sea. She would point at him, and gurgle, and say enticingly: "Tell Danet!"

Deaths on Board

When men are in such desperate straits, starving, salt-maddened because of lack of water, overwhelmed by the loneliness of ocean vastness around and pitiless sky overhead, to have something like this child to fix their thoughts upon saves many from approaching the pathless infinities of madness.

Men died in that boat.

Formerly, Mr. Johnson had been archivist at the British Embassy at Bucharest. He gave those people in the boat some word-pictures of the German rush into Rumania, as he had seen it—the moving torrents of uniformed men with grenades sticking out of their boots, the racing and roaring progress of the German tanks through the Bucharest streets while sullen Rumanians scowled and gave the Hitler salute.

The Johnsons lost many of their possessions when they left Rumania. Now they had lost the rest, for they were travelling to another Government appointment in South America, and taking all their valuables with them in the *Lady Hawkins*.

But—they had saved their little, curly headed daughter; and she laughed as she hid in her mother's arm in that boat where Death was an invisible and merciless passenger.

Fifth-Day Rescue

It was on the fifth day after the *Lady Hawkins* was torpedoed that Captain Helgeson of the New York liner *Coamo* heard his lookout shout: "Something drifting three points to starboard."

He levelled his glasses—and saw a distant lifeboat, crammed with people. As the vessel altered course he thought he saw a woman carrying a baby.

And so seventy-one out of the seventy six who had crowded into that boat came at last to safety, and were eventually landed at Porto Rico. Among them was a two-year-old sailor-girl who had played a great part, by her faith and cheerfulness, in an epic voyage.

IT'S IMPORTANT

A CHOP-BONE doesn't seem very important—but it is. One hundred and twenty chop-bones will provide sufficient cordite to fire a one-second burst from a Hurricane's twelve guns.

They would also provide sixty hens with essential proteins for a day, glue together one hundred and twenty shell containers, and supply phosphates for growing 480 lb. of potatoes.

One chop-bone from every household in the land would—

Provide meal to mix with pig-food that would help to make some 12,000,000 rations of bacon;

Provide about 50 tons of cordite for firing shells and cartridges;

Provide 100 tons of glue for building aircraft;

Provide fertiliser for 3,000 acres of land which would yield 24,000 tons of potatoes or wheat to make 3,000,000 loaves.

Save every meat, game or poultry bone for salvage!

SONS OF THE SEA—5

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

GOD WORKS THAT WAY

GOD would never get our measure if we had no trials to bear, that is why He does not shield us from Life's pain and weary care. That is why if trouble happens, which we feel to be unjust, if we're wise we go to meet it and take it in our stride and trust.

GOD would never find our worth if no sorrows e'er befell, we would be an inane chapter in a book with naught to tell. That is why, when failure robs us of the prize we meant to win, if we're wise we use its setback and some greater task begin.

GOD would never give us freedom if He did not know that we, by our living, would be able to carve our soul's great destiny. For as trees come to fruition through the snows, and rains, and sun, so are we brought to salvation by all that joy and sorrow's done.

GOD would never know which mansion in His heaven to bestow, if we had not proved our value in our living here below. So if life seems past all bearing, take its challenge, trust, and pray, for there is a purpose in it all. Because, you see, God Works that Way. J. M.

THROWING WATER WON'T CURE SULKY HUSBANDS

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page without, of course, giving your name)

HARDLY a day passes without some reader telling me of a terrible quarrel over the merest trifle. In fact, as one woman said, the smaller the trifle the bigger the row!

She asked if anyone could explain it, and I propose to try.

If a healthy person gets a pinprick, Nature heals it easily enough. But if the person is unhealthy the pinprick will fester and poison the whole system.

Similarly, when some trifling incident leads to a serious upheaval, it is not the incident itself, but the thoroughly unhealthy mind that causes the mischief.

I have a really splendid husband in every way but one, writes a reader. **When things upset him he sulks.**

There is never any serious argument. It is always about something not worth bothering about, but it assumes enormous dimensions in his mind. He will not reply if I ask him a question, and this kind of thing may last weeks.

I have been very patient with him till now, but I am getting quite sick of it. Normally he is the happiest husband to have; he adores our little girl and takes us both out with him whenever he gets time off.

When he goes into his sulks, his mother tells him what she thinks of him, but it makes no difference.

One of my friends tells me to dip his head in a dish of water and throw something at him. But I can't do this. I am a quiet person myself—perhaps too quiet. When his moods have passed I have talked to him. He says he wants to speak but just can't begin. I wonder, Humanist, if there is any cure for him?

I sympathise with that wife and the little daughter, but I also sympathise with the man.

He is as wretched as any of them. He must hate himself intensely—and the evil spirit which has taken possession of him. He is all sultry and smouldering inside, but can't "break through."

Throwing things at him will not help: ridicule and anger can do nothing. He has to "get over it" or (in the old saying) "stew in his own juice."

IT might do him good to walk about twenty-five miles and tire himself out; but he won't cure himself by thinking. There is some nasty "complex" at the root of the trouble—but what that is no one can guess.

A very similar letter came from another married woman, but she did not

sign her letter and I can't qu
though what I have said abo
other case may help a little.

Then I got a long, human do
from a man who tells me he h
dured long years of torture, and t
sanity was restored too late to
the great wrong done to a good
He met her in a canteen run by
tary workers in the last war:

WE became friendly and went
together. We became e
and married in 1915.

My regiment was ordered to
and my wife went into munition
wrote to me regularly, often
parcels, and was a most devote
Every spare penny of her wag
spent in getting a home togethe
I was blown up on the Somm
returned a nervous wreck. After
months at a neurological hosp
was discharged with a disability p

My wife's life was made into
by my insane behaviour, and I b
her to a state of nervous prostrati
1919 I deserted her and went ab

After eighteen months I return
set out to find her, but the searc
fruitless. None of her friends
give me information about her
abouts.

Now that I have recovered, t
just one thing I would like to do—
her, if she is still alive, that the
I did her has resulted in lifelong

Perhaps she has found someo
to give her the happiness whi
deserved. If she is happy and ha
down that awful past, it would g
a little peace of mind to know it

I'm afraid I cannot quote nam
addresses—that is against the r
Humanist page—but there is alwa
possibility that the deserted wif
read the story.

Lastly, there is room for a ver
letter from a woman reader:

You have never criticised the
kishness of the poor who have
making money through the war.
have never had much before, a
extra wages have gone to their he

I have been a charwoman f
families who were comfortab
before the war, and, believe m
always treated me respectfull
never snubbed me. It used to s
me sometimes how well they beh
me.

But these upstarts who have su
get more money than sense a
"big" to speak to people like m

A "real lady" would not dr
snubbing a charwoman or anyo
on grounds of their being poore
herself. She would be no lady
did.

But when people are unaccusto
having money suddenly becom
off it may go to the head like
drink to the head of a teetotalle

Still, they are not worth w
about. Nobody wants their
descension or their patronage.
cut former friends it is their o
anyway.

He won't cure himself by thinking. And throwing things at him won't help

sign her letter and I can't quote it; though what I have said about this other case may help a little.

Then I got a long, human document from a man who tells me he has endured long years of torture, and that his sanity was restored too late to remedy the great wrong done to a good woman. He met her in a canteen run by voluntary workers in the last war:

WE became friendly and went about together. We became engaged and married in 1915.

My regiment was ordered to France, and my wife went into munitions. She wrote to me regularly, often sending parcels, and was a most devoted wife. Every spare penny of her wages was spent in getting a home together.

I was blown up on the Somme and returned a nervous wreck. After a few months at a neurological hospital, I was discharged with a disability pension.

My wife's life was made intolerable by my insane behaviour, and I brought her to a state of nervous prostration. In 1919 I deserted her and went abroad.

After eighteen months I returned and set out to find her, but the search was fruitless. None of her friends could give me information about her whereabouts.

Now that I have recovered, there is just one thing I would like to do—to tell her, if she is still alive, that the wrong I did her has resulted in lifelong regret.

Perhaps she has found someone else to give her the happiness which she deserved. If she is happy and has lived down that awful past, it would give me a little peace of mind to know it.

I'm afraid I cannot quote names and addresses—that is against the rules of Humanist page—but there is always the possibility that the deserted wife may read the story.

Lastly, there is room for a very short letter from a woman reader:

You have never criticised the snobbishness of the poor who have been making money through the war. They have never had much before, and the extra wages have gone to their heads.

I have been a charwoman for two families who were comfortably off before the war, and, believe me, they always treated me respectfully and never snubbed me. It used to surprise me sometimes how well they behaved to me.

But these upstarts who have suddenly got more money than sense are too "big" to speak to people like me.

A "real lady" would not dream of snubbing a charwoman or anyone else on grounds of their being poorer than herself. She would be no lady if she did.

But when people are unaccustomed to having money suddenly become well off it *may* go to the head like strong drink to the head of a teetotaller.

Still, they are not worth worrying about. Nobody wants their condescension or their patronage. If they cut former friends it is their own loss anyway.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "VOICE," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

AFTER a spell of jungle fighting in Burma and Assam, Dvr. W. Sheppard, Indian Army, gets back to Calcutta and enjoys his leave. He writes to his father at Benares Road, Plumstead, London, S.E.18:

It's grand to get away from the Army for a few days! For about seventeen months I have stuck jungle fighting, day in and day out. Now, after five days' travel by road, rail and river, I have arrived at this great and glorious city of Calcutta to enjoy a spot of leave.

After jungle life, ten days in Calcutta is like heaven. I am staying at a place where the food is good, there are real beds, and there is a bathroom to each bedsitting-room.

My pal and I are seeing the sights—all of them—and we have been to the "pictures."

Night begins in Calcutta at midnight—bright lights, rushing traffic, pretty women, gay frocks, dancing on a polished floor, and music mingling with the sound of laughter.

This is the life!

MEETING "MONTY"

Serving with the B.N.A.F., Dvr. W. Seddon, R.A., meets General Montgomery in unusual circumstances, and enjoyed the meeting. He writes to his parents at Abbotsbury Road, Morden, Surrey:

Funny thing, this afternoon I had gone to the medical hut to have a tooth out, and was sitting in the chair with my mouth well open when in walks General "Monty"!

I got up to "attention" as best I could, but he told me to take it gently, and after chatting with me for a time, said: "What are they going to do with you, my son?"

When I told him it was only one extraction, he said: "Well, they won't pull your head off for that, young fellow," and then he went off with a smile, leaving me feeling as if I had known him ever since I was a kid. That sort of thing makes having a tooth out a pleasure.

It's no wonder the boys are crazy about him, for he makes you feel that he is one of us.

HOW WE DID IT

Landing our forces in the Middle East was a triumph of organisation, and here is Staff Sgt. G. H. Davis, of the R.A.S.C., telling part of the story in a letter to friends at Moss House Road, Marton Moss, Liverpool:

You might think an invasion army would look like a jumbled-up mess of thousands of men, vehicles, guns, tanks, ammunition and food all pouring out of the ships and piling up on the quays.

But everything sorts itself out as if by some queer magic, which is another name for planning by someone, somewhere.

It was a brilliant job of organisation. Nothing was forgotten, and our landing was made exactly on time. Every ship came into port, and men with supplies were put ashore at the right time and in the right place.

Take our ship, for instance. The men came off first, then out of the holds came the equipment. First, the anti-aircraft guns to defend the port, then ammunition and ambulances; followed by load-carrying vehicles; and as each one came out of the ship so it moved forward and was loaded from another hold, then away out of town to the special supply dumps that had been fixed up.

The landings meant night and day work for a long time, but it was a grand job.

Before leaving the ships each man was issued with rations for forty-eight hours, to cover the period while cookhouses were being constructed and organised.

Well, you read of our victory. After the "fireworks" our chief trouble was to deal with the constant stream of prisoners who came in their thousands, and that was another job of organisation.

NOT CRICKET

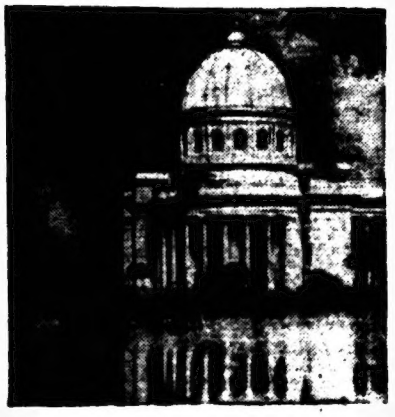
Playing cricket at Aden is a bit different to the usual game at Lord's! This difference is explained by L.A.C. J. Whittaker, R.A.F., in a letter to his parents at Blackburn Road, Haslingden, Lancs:

The "ground" where we played our cricket match has to be seen to be believed. Big stones mark the boundaries, and the pitch is rocky, too!

Players were not the only people who moved to and fro across the pitch during the game. Natives of both sexes and all ages seemed to ignore the fact that an important game of cricket was in progress, and wandered leisurely across the "field," scarcely attempting to dodge the ball or the players.

It seems that the natives see no good reason for walking round a cricket pitch when they can walk across it.

But the limit was reached when a few bullocks ambled across. That did hold up the game. Yes, cricket at Aden is a bit trying!



Calcutta is like heaven to at least one soldier, who'll recognise this picture of the Post Office

HIGH JINKS IN CAMP

"The Desert Song" and "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" in a German prison camp provide material for a letter from Reginald E. Gillett to a friend at Askam-in-Furness, Lancs:

Last night was the opening of another of our "Camp Follies," and it was a smashing success.

Last month we did the "Desert Song," and I was one of the Riff singers—though not quite up to Drury Lane standard.

One of our difficulties is to find men to act as women, but we manage, and what our "actresses" lack in charm they make up for in gusto.

We are already busily rehearsing our next show, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," in which my pal John appears as one of the Palace Guards. This is going to be good!

PITY THE HEN

Flt./Sgt. D. J. Green, R.A.F., a twenty-year-old Spitfire pilot who has been serving in North Africa since El Alamein, writes to his mother at Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex:

Now that this campaign has been cleared up, we are having a restful time for a change, amid green countryside, and where we can go for a swim every day.

I have bought a hen in the hope that I may get a fresh egg for my breakfast occasionally, but my knowledge of poultry is limited.

I feed it on rice and Service biscuits and hope for the best. Early in the morning I go out and make a noise like a cockerel just to encourage the bird. If she won't lay after all my efforts to please her, she will be asking for trouble.

I have been on the squadron for five months. Though I haven't had anything to show for it in the way of enemy aircraft, I have had some good results in strafing.

The local people are very genuine in their relief that we have at last liberated them from Nazi domination. They admit that they used to be rather put out by the continual hum of our engines overhead previous to the occupation!

BARRELS OF BEER!

Having spent two years with the Eighth Army, Sgt. R. Fitzgerald, 1st British Armoured Division, tells of victory celebrations in Tunis and of the welcome given to our troops. He writes to his sister at Leafield, Oxford:

The news of our victory will be stale by the time you get this, but I must tell you of the celebrations. Our company managed to get six barrels of beer from the Tunis brewery, so our boys were not dry any more.

Our welcome from the local people was stirring. As we came into Tunis we had little girls in our arms, with their mothers and sisters hanging on to us. They were glad to see us!

Tunis after months in the Desert was like returning to a grand civilisation. Streets and buildings and green trees flecked with sunlight were a sight for tired eyes. White people, French girls, not forgetting their mothers, greeted us. It was very pleasant to taste French wine and lipstick. Both made my face red!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

SOME weeks ago my son was discharged from the Army with a disability and no pension. I placed the facts before you with the result that he is now in receipt of a pension. Thank you!—A. Russell, Whiston, Prescot, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

Young married couples starting to get their homes together cannot find anywhere to live because local councils requisition flats as soon as they are vacant. And they remain vacant, in some cases for years. Surely some of these requisitioned and long-vacant flats could be released for occupation!—Mrs. D. Lambe, Weir Hall Avenue, Edmonton, N.15.

★ ★ ★

Before Lord Woolton starts to ration bread he should compel bakers to stop making fancy cakes, which are sold at "fancy" prices.—Mrs. L. Baxter, Hull.

★ ★ ★

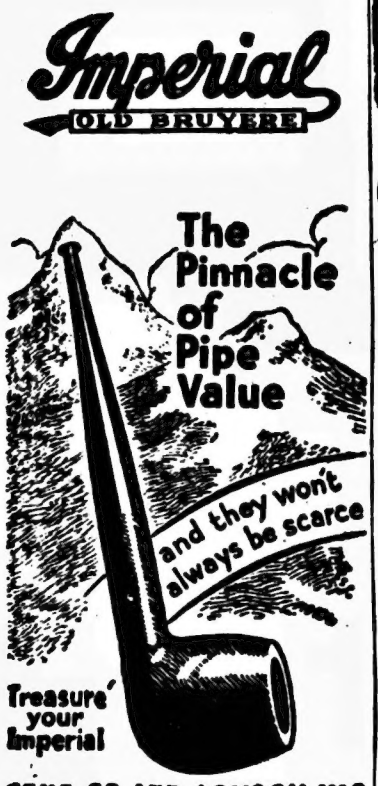
Why inflict war names on innocent babes? Such samples as Kharkov Smith, Alamein Brown, and Tunis Robinson will be a source of annoyance when the youngsters grow up. — Mrs. M. E. Hoyle, Birby, Huddersfield.

★ ★ ★

Never were Rent Courts more essential than now. They should be established at once for the benefit of tenant and landlord.—"B. H.," London, E.5.

★ ★ ★

Twenty manufacturers advertise in one newspaper for work to do. This after some four years of war!—"Private," Basingstoke, Hants.

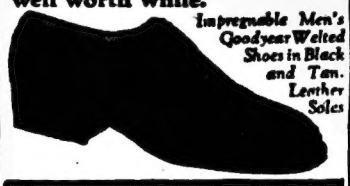


CIVIC CO. LTD. LONDON W.6

"A100 . . and as A1 quality as I've ever made." says:

John White

I am pleased to make my famous brands of *Impregnable* and *Temeraire* Footwear to the Government's Utility Specification. Like the official mark allotted to them—A 100—they are A 1 quality and 100 per cent. value. These Utility Boots and Shoes are now in production and are being distributed as fairly as possible. Look out for them in your district. Even if it takes you a little trouble to obtain a pair your effort will be well worth while.


Impregnable Men's Goodyear Welted Shoes in Black and Tan. Leather Soles

Impregnable
UTILITY FOOTWEAR
JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable Boots*) LTD.
HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

Make Life BRIGHTER
by taking
VIRONITA
(pronounced *Vyro-night-a*)
This great restorative is so pleasant and so beneficial that three half wine-glasses a day each will fill all your family with radiant health. Suitable for children or adults. Non-alcoholic.
Of all chemists and stores.
5/3 *large bottle,*
3/3 *small size.*
M. CALVERT & CO., Mfg. Chemists, Gest, Yorks.

New Models for New Times
Post war
KERSHAW
SOHO CAMERAS will be
Better than ever

LAST LAUGH

M. M. (Poole).—"Is a woman really known by the company she keeps?" Sometimes, yes: sometimes by the servants she can't keep.

MEG (Cleethorpes).—"It costs no more to say something nice to a person than to be uncivil." Breach of promise awards hardly seem to bear that out.

BILL (Boston).—"A man who always says something nice about another is a saint, isn't he?" Or an epitaph writer.

TAPLEY (Chatham).—"I make light of trouble. What else is there to do?" Keep it dark.

E. W. (Windsor).—"Army concert halls have adequate exits in case of fire." And in case of anybody reviving "A White Christmas."

MRS. T. (London, N.).—"Despite the purchase tax there are bargains to be had, and I recently bought a long length of silk for a really ridiculous figure." Few women are so candid about their concentric curves.

T. L. (Uxbridge).—"A bunch of grapes was recently sold in London for £7." Eating grapes by the bedside of a friend recovering from 'flu is a more expensive hobby than ever.

R. L. (Falmouth).—"A well-known author who has taken up pig-farming played in a village cricket match and failed to score in either innings." He must be mightier with the pen than on the sward.

A. E. (Sussex).—"There is keen competition among gardeners of our village to grow the biggest pumpkin." Global war.

COMEDIAN (Bermondsey).—"I remember a seaside concert party when the audience pelted the performers with pebbles." Not a turn was left unstoned.

H. L. (Rye).—"I found some pre-war wallpaper and papered the hall, but the effect was rather lumpy." You should have removed the hat-stand and the barometer first.

BOXER (Hackney).—"In my early days a judgment summons for £20 was served on me in the ring." This was the county court's round by a wide margin.

F. L. (Guildford).—"Love-letters for salvage are shredded so that the words are indistinguishable." In many cases this is too late, especially if the writer did not mince his words originally.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yes, the bells did ring, but it's only a wedding"

Side-Slips

THE MORLEY ADVERTISER:—". . . had £1 to pay for failing to obey a 'SALT' sign . . ."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS & STAR:—"He then got hold of C—— TUNIS, shook him vigorously and punched him with his fists in the mouth or nose."

THE SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"In the well-equipped gymnasium we interrupted a GLASS for Girl Guides."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"No embarrassment STEAMED their eloquence."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—". . . were fined £50 at Marylebone for selling tins of SKINNED condensed milk. . . ."

EXPRESS:—"'Good feminist ASP I am, I could not agree,' said Miss W——."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Here is one of those cases when the worry of an ex-Serviceman is heartrending to the point of despair. Trouble from old gunshot wounds, tuberculosis, diabetes, and eight children under fourteen to feed and clothe, prompted Mr. John Rathbone to appeal to us for assistance. Three other children died from T.B. and pneumonia.

The family have to live on Mr. Rathbone's pension of 32s. a week, and 30s. from a daughter of twenty. From this amount rent takes £1 and insurance 5s. weekly.

It is impossible for a diabetic to receive the special diet necessary out of the miserable pittance on which this family is endeavouring to exist.

We are assured on good authority that Mrs. Rathbone is a hard-working woman, and does her utmost for her family.

Will you help to lighten Mrs. Rathbone's burden? Please earmark your donations "Diabetic," or for our General Fund, and address them to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £100 — 'BULLETS' 1,385

G. H. Key, "Merrylees," Desford, near Leicester, for this "Bullet":—

NOT GOING TO WORK VICTORY, UNLESS "HUMANITY'S EMPLOYED."

£10: Mrs. H. Griffiths, 180, Parrin Lane, Winton, Manchester.
Man Who Mesmerised—Germany, Breeds Nor "Awakening."

£5: Mrs. M. Brockett, 52, Broad St., Glasgow.
Hun, Juicy Steak—Sicily—Now For "Leg"!

£4: Mrs. J. McQueen, "Viewbank," Gilmerton, Midlothian.
Through The Smoke—World, To Reconstruction's "Bustle."

£3: Cpl. M. Petty, R.A.F., Somewhere-in-Britain.
In Britain's History—"Dig"—And Teach Water!

£2: G. D. Taggett, 54, Attenboro' Lane, Chilwell, Notts.
Man Who Swam—From Raft, *Increased* "Load."

INCREASED FIRST

For "BULLETS" ON NEXT PAGE

6 of 30s.:
A. J. Ashby, "Kimberley," Winchester.
Sunshine—Nothing Gallons Wang Garlic!
J. Beard, 77, Fensby Cross Lane, St. Helens.
Hun, Juicy Steak—Beveridge Prepared—"Hush" Sayed?
A. F. Critchpole, 66, Ralston Ave., Glasgow.
Unforgivable Sin—Prodigal Returning Without Coupons!
B. Foote, Kidnapper's Lane, Lockhampton, Cheltenham.
In Britain's History—Not *Or*, Britons "Great."
E. R. Harrison, 120, Norris St., Preston.
What Auntie Heard—"216-168" Worth Queuing For!
R. Parker, 12, Castle Avenue, Rotherham.
Hun, Juicy Steak—Grand Dad's Steak Looks!

A list of 20 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices; 1,320 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 337

WINNING WORDS: 1. Rubber. 2. Lead. 3. War. 4. Ramps. 5. Pups. 6. Hand. 7. Bells. 8. Breakfast. 9. Touch. 10. Forks. 11. Green. 12. Relent. 13. Rabbit. 14. Aged.

£100 SHARERS: J. Croft, Lynsmack, Butterknowle, Bp. Auckland; Mrs. M. Croft, Lynsmack, Butterknowle, Bp. Auckland; Mrs. R. Dugan, 53, Wheatsheaf Close, Woking; J. Rocco, 3, Movis St., Openshaw, Manchester.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 48 entrants.

BUY
NATIONAL SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES

DON'T BE BLINDED BY THE
SQUANDER BUG!

Say what you like about the Squander Bug, he's certainly a trier! He never gets tired of whispering, "*Go on, you've got the money—spend it!*" Anything to stop you buying Savings Certificates and helping to shorten the war . . . Anything to prevent you having a little nest-egg to spend in the happier future. Watch him—the little fifth columnist! He's out to get *you!*

Savings Certificates costing 15/- are worth 20/6 in 10 years—increase free of income tax. They can be bought outright, or by instalments with 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps through your Savings Group or Centre or at any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. Buy now!

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Cephos
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
WILL BANISH YOUR
QUICKLY

Cephos is not just a single drug but the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician.

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form. 1/3, 2/-. Single dose 2d.

FALSE TEETH
Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly.* Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT
Will HEAL IT -Clean!

Germolene is the finest ointment for treating all kinds of Skin Troubles including Eczema, Insect Bites, Cuts, Burns, Wounds, Heat Rash, etc.

The first touch soothes and irritation is ended instantly.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin

Excuse me-
for INNER CLEANLINESS
be regular with your ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/- including purchase tax.

(33)

For John Bull's
ENTERTAINING XWORD!

FIRST PRIZE VALUE £150

First Prize for this week's Xword £150 Cash — Awards value £25 between Runners-up

£25 CASH BONUS

Xword No. 337 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry columns.	3P Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3P	3P	3P
1 BOAT SPRINGING BAD LEAK IS LIKELY TO START COMPLAINTS DOING THIS	B A	L I N G		
2 SHAVER'S TWINE MAY DO THIS OCCASIONALLY FOR SPECIAL EFFECT		I N G		
3 IT'S APT TO BE DRIVING WHEN WINTER IS THIN, PAGE AFTER PAGE	A	I D		
4 THIS IS LIKELY TO ARREST OPPOSITION IN PARLIAMENT	G A			
5 SOME TRICKS DESERVE UP WHEN THEY SEE THIS ON TABLE		U N C H		
6 CAN BE FAST, BUT MAY RUN SLOWLY	D	E		
7 SOME ARE FROTHY		E E R S		
8 THEY MAY BE SHARP OR BLUNT	K N	V E S		
9 IS OFTEN A BIT SLOW	D	N C E		
10 IMPOVERISHED FARMER MUST ADMIT SOME HELP FROM THESE		O R M S		
11 OFTEN APPEARS WITHOUT METHOD OR PLAN	A	T		
12 MUCH FOOD IS STORED IN THESE		A F E S		
13 MANY PEOPLE HATE BEING JOGGED WHEN THEY ARE	A I	I N G		
14 OCCASIONALLY OVERSHOOTS THE MARK	P	T T E R		

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Sept. 4.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 23

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xword First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues translated, but in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of extra £25, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullets charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

INCREASED FIRST and 1,131 OTHER PRIZES!

BULLETS' AWARDS VALUE OVER £2,200

1ST PRIZE £75

1,126 MORE PRIZES FOR RUNNERS-UP 6 of 30/- 20 of 10/-

100 New 3-in-1 PRIZES

BIGLE £5 | £4 | £3 | £2

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Sept. 3.

WORLD WORTH LIVING IN
THE COMMON MAN
ROAD TO BERLIN
AWAITING THE CALL
BESIEGUERED FORTRESS
MORE HEALTHY
LESSON OF THE WAR
A BIT TOO HOT
VISITOR FROM MARS
RUTHLESS AND TERRIBLE

BULLETS 1,385 RESULT appears on page 14

BLESSINGS OF PEACE
HOPEFUL SIGN
THE ONLY WAY
TOO MUCH TALKING
IN THE DUST
AT HIS WITS' END
THINGS HAVE CHANGED AND
AUNTIE'S BURGLAR
NOBODY LOVES HIM, SO
GAVE THE GAME AWAY

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

FOR THOSE WHO.....
ECLIPSE OF THE.....
IN A.....STATE
THINK OF THE.....AND
GOOD SHIP.....
SERVED ..... RIGHT

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sept. 4.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, Aug. 23.
1,385

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,385—or Xword No. 337, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

FOOD FACTS

Bottling Fruit without Sugar

Preserve fruit NOW for the winter months ahead!

OVEN METHOD

1. Wash the jars thoroughly.
2. Pack the fruit tightly into the jars, almost to the top.
3. Place the jars in a very moderate oven (about 240° F.) on a piece of cardboard or several thicknesses of paper. Put lids (but not the rubber rings) on jars to prevent charring.
4. Leave jars in oven until fruit appears cooked, about ½ hours to 1 hour. (Whole tomatoes take 1½ hours.) This method is not recommended for sliced tomatoes.
5. Have boiling water ready. Remove the jars one at a time, place on a mat or folded newspaper and cover the fruit with boiling water.
6. Seal immediately with the rubber ring, lid, and clip or screw-band. The screw-band may need tightening as the jar cools.
7. Test next day as follows: Remove the screw-band or clip, take hold of the glass or metal lid and lift up gently. If the lid does not become detached but lifts the bottles safely, the seal is perfect.

CAMPDEN METHOD

Fruits that are not recommended for this method are: gooseberries, blackberries, sweet cherries, pears, dessert apples, black currants and tomatoes.

1. Dissolve the Campden tablets in cold or tepid water, allowing 1 tablet to ½ pint of water.
2. Pack the fruit in the jars — not too tightly.
3. Pour in the solution till fruit is covered. At least ½ pint of solution must be used for each pound of fruit.
4. Seal at once with the rubber rings, and clips or screw-bands. If metal covers are used the metal should be protected by layers of paper fitted into the lid, or by smearing the inside of the lid with vaseline.

Note. — When using fruit preserved by this method, pour the fruit into an open pan and heat until there is no further smell of sulphur. Do not discard the liquid.

It is unsafe to preserve vegetables (except tomatoes) unless by pressure cooker.

NEW RATION BOOK REMINDER. Page 1 and Section A on page 35 must be completed and the names and addresses of your present retailers entered on page 36 even if you are intending to change them.

Applicants for free milk under the National Milk Scheme should call at their Food Office before August 7th.

By retaining your present retailers you will be helping the war effort. Every change involves much extra work. If, however, you want to change for some very good reason, you can do so only between August 8th and August 28th. First, make sure that the new retailer is able and willing to take you. Full particulars about re-registration will appear in next week's Food Facts. You cannot change your Milk retailer.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 161

BETTER DAYS - WITH EVEN BETTER CYCLES

Precision Built by

ABERDALE

THE HALL-MARK OF QUALITY

A WELCOME WARTIME DISCOVERY . . .

CADBURYS

PART WAY BETWEEN MILK & PLAIN

Cadburys Blended Chocolate is part way between milk chocolate and plain chocolate. Blended Chocolate contains a proportion of *separated* milk. Fresh, full-cream milk is not now available for chocolate Cadburys Blended will be greatly welcomed by those who like a mild and smooth chocolate. *Supplies, as of all other chocolate, will of course be limited. So, remember the children!*

MARMITE

IS HEALTH-GIVING AND DELICIOUS IN ALL SOUPS, STEWS, GRAVIES, AND SAVOURY SANDWICHES

Marmite is a highly concentrated Extract of Yeast providing Vitamins of the B group.

"Manhandling now..."

How the grime of a man's job gets right into a woman's skin. And how Wright's — that famous standby — gets it right out again. More than that, it leaves the skin smooth and clear; protected against chance infections and septic abrasions. It's a "health insurance" and a "beauty treatment" in one.

WRIGHT'S *Coal Tar Soap*

7½d. per tablet — the one and only

PUT AN END TO Summer Ills!

ASPRO

SUNGLARE HEADACHES
RESTLESSNESS
LASSITUDE
SUMMER CHILLS
HAY FEVER
INSOMNIA

Leisure hours are few enough nowadays and precious when they come. Don't let them be spoilt by sunglare headaches, lassitude, summer chills, etc. A couple of 'ASPRO' tablets will safeguard you. Those exposed to the sun or changeable weather conditions for long hours of duty will appreciate 'ASPRO', too. Meanwhile 'ASPRO' home service continues—women are finding the soothing help of 'ASPRO' a wonderful comfort in these strenuous times. In field and factory 'ASPRO' is relieving pain, helping millions to "carry on" with maximum production for the Nation's needs. Many find sleep just will not come, especially those starting night work, who are not used to sleeping in daylight. To them 'ASPRO' is a boon, for 'ASPROS' taken on retiring bring sound, refreshing sleep.

"ASPRO" HELPS YOU TO WORK WITH A WILL

and make the most of leisure hours

SUMMER HEAD COLDS BANISHED

Mr. F. W. WEST, of Highgate, N.19, writes:—"I feel duty bound to write and thank you for the great good 'ASPRO' is to me. I suffered severe head colds frequently, summer and winter alike. I had only to meet anyone with a cold and sure enough I took it. Now, about three years ago, I saw an advert. for 'ASPRO' and decided to give them a trial. They proved really wonderful and when I feel the slightest chill or I am in company with anyone with influenza colds, I safeguard myself with a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets before retiring and at intervals during the day if necessary."

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

ASPRO

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

PRICES 1 TAPE 5 Tablets 3½d. 2 TAPES 6½d. CARTON 27 Tablets 1/3½

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agents: for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. 6 —